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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

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Volume 17, Number 2, February 1984

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•On the last weekend in November San Francisco's famous Condor Club reopened without its killer piano. The piano, which would take off toward the ceiling as ecdysiast Carol Doda was finishing her act on it, was the stage for a bizarre romantic tryst earlier in the month that left Miss Teresa Hill naked and pinned for several hours beneath the fully-clothed body of her Romeo, the late Mr. James Ferrozzo, 44. When police arrived Miss Hill was in her cups and unable to assist them in re-creating the precise circumstances of Mr. Ferrozzo's expiry; but apparently in the early hours of November 23, after the Condor had closed, the two were having a nightcap when Cupid ambushed them. Miss Hill disrobed and hopped onto the piano. Mr. Ferrozzo, who had always prided himself a natty dresser, removed only his hat and embraced her. In so doing the oaf also accidentally tripped on the piano's lift switch, and as the couple rose to the heights of passion the piano rose too until it had the lovers pinned to the ceiling with Mr. Ferrozzo unable to breathe and the petite Miss Hill unable to vamoose. All she could do was holler, and that did very little good. Upon being discovered at 7:30 a.m. by janitor Mr. Angel Vicente, she remained trapped beneath her lifeless Romeo for two hours and forty-five minutes while a small army of technicians—their eyes modestly turned from the piano—struggled to free its mechanism. Talk about moral dilemmas!

•Nineteen eighty-three evanesced into 1984, and many of the Liberal brethren, awed by the vast intelligence capacities of computers and other technological marvels, spoke portentously of the Orwellian dusk falling upon Washington, D.C. The presence of Ronald Reagan there along with the FBI, the CIA, and the IRS disquieted them all the more. None, incidentally, paused to acknowledge which political aggregation has since the 1930s blithely multiplied the federal government's powers and responsibilities. On they proceeded in their demented procession through the decades, demanding state intrusion into every interstice of private life even as they exalted themselves above the rabble by admonishing against shocking encroachments upon our liberties.

•While on the subject of the Liberal mysteries let it be noted that one of their darkest mysteries became even more inscrutable in December when Liberals in Minneapolis, Minnesota, counseled and abetted by feminist theoretician Andrea Dworkin, broke with some twenty years of obfuscation and finally defined pornography. It is not a question of taste or morals. Rather it is sexual discrimination against women and therefore actionable. Apparently Minneapolis lawmakers have discovered that in pornographic literature the roles of men and women are not "gender-free," as the phrase would have it. They are "gender-specific," and *ipso facto* unconscionable. From December 30 on every pornographer in Minneapolis will be dodging sexual discrimination suits. Savor this one! So lost has the ritualistic Liberal become in abstract delusions about male and female biology that by contrast even a smut peddler's grasp of the subject is closer to the truth! And in Chicago, Illinois, federal court judge John Grady peered over his desk at the astonishingly unbecoming Miss Karen Ulane, an Eastern Airlines pilot who was fired after undergoing a surgical "sex change." Yes, the berobed dolt concluded, Miss Ulane is all woman, a victim of sexual discrimination and worthy of reinstatement with back pay if the labors of the Founding Fathers have any meaning at all. Well, while Eastern Airlines is trying to decide how to get passengers into a plane to be flown by Miss Ulane, I suggest Judge Grady show us that his integrity is copper bottom and take Miss Ulane out for an evening of ballroom dancing.

•The Soviet Union is facing a wave of urban terrorists, to wit: politically motivated hat removers. With no regard for public safety whatsoever, anti-Soviet elements now surreptitiously enter public places and simply remove their hats in a political gesture that authorities believe is the first step down a slippery slope toward such horrors as public speeches and car bombs. Thus when at least 16 hat removers arrived at Moscow's Pushkin Square on December 10, International Human Rights day, and committed their atrocities the police moved right in and bundled the fiends down to the calaboose or the loony bin for a little electric shock treatment. Back in the United States the Hon. John W. Jenrette Jr., formerly a U.S. representative from South Carolina, was sentenced to two years incarceration for his Abscam conviction. It was a heavy blow, but friends and supporters were consoled by the Hon. Jenrette's statesmanlike demeanor—"I certainly have no desire," he notified the judge, "to overburden the overcrowded prisons I read about." In Chicago, Illinois Roman Catholics were called upon to lump abortion, nuclear warfare, and capital punishment into the same bouillabaisse and scowl at it by Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, the celebrated dyslogician; and in England "The Day After," though unpopular with television viewers, seems to have confirmed the average Englishman's mindless prejudice against Kansas. Shortly after the film portrayed that state being turned into an overused barbecue pit by nuclear weapons, support for British nuclear weapons rose a full percentage point. This madness must end.

•On December 10 the masked politicians at the National Organization for Women dropped their masks and revealed themselves as rather conventional Liberals when they endorsed the presidential candidacy of Walter "Fritz" Mondale, the legendary pea inspector from Elmore, Minnesota. Islamic saints continue to take credit for car bombs that are sending ever more Arabs to their happy hunting ground. Mr. David Susskind is being sued by a disgruntled employee who says he reneged on a job offer because of her enormous girth. Gringo members of the idealistic animal rights movement must have cheered when Nebraska Wesleyan University held its annual "Rat Olympics," an event bound to restore the dignity of one of the world's noblest and most maligned Rodentia. In Williamstown, Massachusetts it has now been confirmed that that mound of earth that

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a Williams College work crew bulldozed last summer was actually one of modern sculptress Alice Aycock's early works. Miss Aycock created the masterpiece nearly a decade ago while she was one of the college's artists-in-residence and a constant candidate for many innovative Oxydol commercials. Finally, from Britain comes word that controversial Dr. Brian Harris will be barred from that country's General Optical Council. Known as Dr. Evil Eye by wowsers, he was convicted recently of entering into illicit sex with maidens who under the influence of drugs signed their genital privacy away in contracts. On the other hand he was cleared of having assaulted his wife with a plate of coleslaw, much to the relief of the United Kingdom's vegetarians of whom there are many.

•In a class action suit filed on behalf of adoptees in San Francisco, California, Mr. Martin Bradford has asked $100 million from the makers of Cabbage Patch dolls, arguing that the repulsive things ridicule and humiliate adopted persons. President Reagan accepted full responsibility for the lax security that allowed the terrorist bombing of Marine headquarters in Beirut, and Mr. Yuri V. Andropov remained in the hands of his quacks. On December 28 Dennis Wilson, drummer and songwriter for the Beach Boys, passed away under tragic circumstances: twelve feet of the Pacific Ocean that he knew and loved so well. And so he is gone. How will Our Generation face the long train of morrows strung before us with so many of our sages now kaput. *Wilson gone!* and the mind conjures up all that he meant to us. He was a genius, a prophetic lyricist who walked with us as our Bermuda shorts gave way to cut-off Levis and there gathered in Time's secret chambers all the wonders that this metamorphosis was to bequeath to us—no, to compel really. He died diving for junk from a friend's yacht that was moored unpretentiously at a slip in Marina del Rey. Shortly thereafter the remaining Beach Boys released the statement, "We are saddened by the sudden death of Dennis Wilson." Saddened? Ye gads, some of us are inconsolable!

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

The I.R.A. and Irish Nationalism

I am really surprised to see *The American Spectator,* which prides itself on its somewhat cynical realism, taken in by Mr. Herb Greer's piece of crude propaganda ("The Boys of the I.R.A.," *The American Spectator,* November 1983).

While the article is loaded with gross errors, misinterpretations, and outright falsehoods, I shall zero in on only two of them.

Take his assertion that the Sinn Fein "has no backing in the north." How then does he explain that in the last election, Sinn Fein candidates received more than 42 percent of the popular vote among the nationalist people. This was achieved by a hastily organized campaign conducted under constant harassment by the British occupation forces. Neutral observers believe the Sinn Fein percentage will be far higher in the next election.

Greer's flat statement that Irish Northern Aid (Noraid) sends arms to the IRA is, in plain "English," a blatant lie! For the past twelve years, every investigative agency of the U.S. government (the FBI, Treasury, Customs, etc.) has been working desperately to obtain evidence to this effect. The minute they do, you can be sure they will close Noraid down tight. To date, they have failed to do so. Does anyone really think that even the Irish are clever enough to outsmart the whole American government?

For your own sake, I hope you weren't foolish enough to pay Mr. Greer for this claptrap. I would suspect that he has already received his compensation from Her Royal Highness's Information Service. Maybe they even wrote it!

—Joseph P. Wall
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The British (dis) Information Service really put one over on you this time. Do you think a Mr. Herb Greer wrote that article or do you think it was written by a British civil servant specializing in smearing Her Majesty's supposed enemies?

The whole thing was such an obvious propaganda ploy. Anyone familiar with British tactics in this area could see what was going on.

I'm disappointed that you were dumb enough to let yourself be used by a foreign government intent on planting a story in the American media. Why don't you at least give Noraid a chance to reply. Fair's fair, you know!

—Walter Long
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Herb Greer's "The Boys of the I.R.A." (*TAS,* November 1983) in just one page of print makes emotion-laden references to America's "professional shamrockers" with their "racist version of Anglo-Irish history," and to the Provisional Sinn Fein's "killer clones." He condemns the Irish rebels' "implacable drive to domination" and warns against the "Irish-American Bund" and Irish-Americans' "German-style blood-and-soil rhetoric." In case we do not all know which Germans he means, he also mentions the "British statesman whose name was Neville Chamberlain" who dealt with, well, "Hitler."

Greer at least thrice refers to Northern Ireland's Republican "cabals" without recognizing that peaceful majority rule has been deliberately prevented by the British. The heart of his case is a hash of half-truths:

> Even during the period after World War I, in the last election before partition, the extreme Republicans secured only a minority of the vote. Today Provisional Sinn Fein has no electoral support of any weight in the Republic of Ireland, and very little in Ulster, where their wretched ward-sized successes have generally rested on a split or intimidated vote.
>
> It remains curiously unstressed not just in Britain but everywhere that Ulster is reported that the real constituency of Irish terrorist groups is foreign. The *only* broad popular support for the provisional IRA, Sinn Fein, and the INLA [Irish National Liberation Army] is not Irish but American [Greer's emphasis].

But election figures and demographic data demonstrate that the principle of majority rule has mandated an independent, united Ireland; that even inside the six counties of British-ruled Northern Ireland a local Roman Catholic actual majority's emergence has been barred only via gross governmental discrimination; and that the local Catholic community of the 1980s is more and more turning to its revolutionary wing: the revolutionary nationalists of the Provisional Irish Republican Army.

1. *The Election Figures: 1918.* The 1918 British General Election Manifesto of the Standing Committee of Sinn Fein (as passed by the Dublin Castle Censor) provided:

> Sinn Fein stands for the nation; it represents the old tradition of nationhood reasserting the inalienable right of the Irish Nation to sovereign independence, reaffirming the determination of the Irish people to achieve it, and guaranteeing within the Independent Nation equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens.
>
> Believing that the time has arrived when Ireland's voice for the principle of untrammelled self-determination should be heard above every interest of party or class, Sinn Fein will oppose at the Polls every individual candidate who does not accept this principle.

The authorities censored Sinn Fein manifestoes; they arrested its director of elections. Every Republican paper had been suppressed. All Irish newspapers were under censorship; the complete electoral machinery—and the Post Office—were controlled by the British. Some 48 of Sinn Fein's candidates were held in jail. The polling booths were watched by both the military and the police.

Of 105 candidates returned for Ireland, 73 were Sinn Feiners and only 26 were Unionists; moreover, the parliamentary Nationalists of the United Irish League also retained six seats, four of them due to prior agreement that Sinn Fein would withdraw from their constituencies. Sinn Fein, with 47 percent of ballots cast, won 70 percent of the seats. Of the Irish total of 1,526,910 votes, the Unionists could amass but 315,394—about 20 percent.

Sinn Fein won 47 percent of the Irish popular vote when the percentage of voters itself was 73 percent, 27 percent abstaining. The coalition in Britain won two-thirds of the seats in the British House of Commons with but 47.6 percent of the popular vote, in an election in which 41 percent of the electorate failed to vote.

In nine-county Ulster, the Unionists commanded but 265,111 votes, compared with a combined national total of 177,557. In the six northeastern counties, their local majority was 255,819 to 116,888. The nationalist minority in the six northeastern counties (one-third) hence greatly surpassed the Unionist minority in Ireland overall (one-fifth). The 1918 election made a poor case for exclusion of the six counties from a united, independent Ireland. . . .

2. *The Permanently Impending Catholic Majority.* By 1972 it could be demonstrated that Northern Ireland's Catholics constitute an absolute majority constantly impending but never

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EDITORIALS

VISIONS OF JESSE

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Hasn't the Rev. Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign gotten off to a grand and glorious start? Certainly Jimmy Carter's 1976 bid did not begin as auspiciously, and look where Jimmy was living by early 1977. Yet when Jimmy's presidential campaign began in 1976 he was a political nobody, the ex-governor of Georgia. The Rev. Jackson is the head of PUSH, People United to Serve Humanity, and in modern American politics outfits like this are the equivalent of yesteryear's Tammany Hall, though possibly not as representative. It is also doubtful whether an organization such as PUSH is as effective as Tammany, though PUSH seems to be more effective than most. At its 1972 founding it was called People United to Save Humanity, and, well, here we all are.

If the Rev. Jackson becomes President of the United States he will be one of the few to rise to that high office with no elective experience whatsoever. George Washington did it, though only after an important military career. Herbert Hoover did it, though he had a successful business background and a long and distinguished career in government service. Jackson has had no career in business, the military, or government; though he has had considerable experience with government. President Carter's administration gave PUSH about $4.5 million in grants that are now being investigated by the Department of Education whose spokesman says that PUSH may have to return anywhere between $880,000 and $2.1 million in misspent funds.

There are those who will say that all the singularities of the Jackson campaign are owing to the fact that the Rev. Jackson is the candidate of a minority group recently emergent from political neglect or oppression. Yet there are plenty of seasoned black politicos on Capitol Hill and the Republic's city halls whose professional backgrounds are not dramatically dissimilar from those of the flotsam and jetsam now floating and jetting toward the Democratic nomination. These are men and women who have shown themselves to be as capable as any white Machiavel at creating a political organization, hollering at prospective constituents, and winning elections.

All the Rev. Jackson has ever done is hollered. Of course that is all he has had to do, for the Rev. Jackson is a very modern American phenomenon, to wit: the media candidate, whose prototype was the rabble rouser. What the media candidate does is assume a radical position and harangue it with panache. Paul Johnson in his splendid new history of this dramatic century, *Modern Times,* speaks with foreboding of the rise of politicos whose whole lives are devoted to political agitation. Their goal is to amass as much political power as their flamboyance can attract, and by capturing headlines many have amassed power out of all proportion to the number of yokels they sway. The consequences for Europe in the first half of this century and later for the Third World have not been salutary.

Recently America has welcomed the antics of a lot of these media hustlers. When polite opinion does not like them they are called one-issue candidates. When they are favored they are called activists.

The Rev. Jackson is an activist. He is admired for his ideals, style, and rhetoric, and if his ideals and style are resistant to critical judgment, his rhetoric is not so slippery. Precisely one year after South Vietnam was turned into a giant concentration camp, he informed the *Chicago Tribune*: "It has been fascinating for me to observe what has happened in South Vietnam. . . . The new Saigon leaders have spent little time talking about the Americans who carpet-bombed and defoliated their country. Instead they have concentrated on rebuilding, putting people to work, inculcating new values and attitudes. They did it with military authority and a liberated attitude." They also created boat people and used chemical and biological warfare on Laotian tribesmen.

"We should," he has said, "look to the Third World for an answer" to American problems, which he claims are uniquely invidious, for instance: "a psychological conspiracy" against blacks, "a role adopted by the FBI . . . to stop the rise of a black messiah." In March 1981, he assayed the emerging conservatism in the Republic and, as some 20 black youngsters were being brutally killed in Atlanta, declared, "It is open season on black people." Who in the Third World does he speak for most often? The PLO. If my friends in the media truly respect the black community, perhaps they will treat it as they treat others. They will treat its political leaders as pols not its "activists." □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

FRONT PAGE INDIGNITIES

Last month the colleagues at many of the great newspapers of the Republic perpetrated an indignity on Lt. Robert Goodman, the U.S. Navy navigator-bombardier who had been captured when his A6E was shot down over Syrian-held Lebanese territory, and on Lt. Mark Lange, the plane's pilot who was apparently in the process of dying. How the colleagues in television news handled these men I do not know. I was improving my mind last month, and to this end I avoided television.

What the newspapers did to Lieutenant Goodman was show—often on page one—an AP photograph of him trapped in humiliating condition: forcibly seated next to the most dignified Syrian I have ever seen, Lieutenant Goodman's arms apparently handcuffed behind his back, his dazed head cradled on the insouciant Syrian's shoulder, his mouth agape, his eyes

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rolled back into his head so that only the whites showed. The indignity committed against Lieutenant Lange was less spectacular. Blood-spattered and near death, he was shown in a frontal photograph; a wholesome-looking fellow in jogging attire displayed him like a trophy from the hunt.

Now I do not want to distress the colleagues who react to criticism as a schoolmarm reacts to mice in her desk drawer, but the journalists who featured these pictures in their newspapers have no taste and for that matter no sense. In fact, they are crass to the point of being primitive. If an American pilot were pulled from a downed airplane with his pants blown off and his genitals showing would they dutifully display that unedifying image on page one? How about showing him as his brains are being blown out? Where do the colleagues draw the line? What are their standards?

The truth is they have no standards. There was a time when out of respect for the dead we pulled a covering over the corpse. President Franklin Roosevelt was always photographed from the waist up. Were FDR presiding over our government from his wheelchair today doubtless the paparazzi would be shooting all manner of daring and tasteless shots of his crippled condition and rationalizing such crassness with incantations about the people's right to know, verisimilitude, and other self-serving arcana.

Of course these are mere bromides, bespeaking no journalistic standards whatsoever. The people's right to know, indeed! What people aside from friends and admirers of the Syrian dictatorship want to see American servicemen humiliated? Imagine an American journalist duly querying "the people" on what precisely they would like to know. The colleagues are serenely isolated from the people, a point political scientists Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter have demonstrated by carefully polling them in their media sanctum sanctorums. What emerges from these polls is a bovine herd of 1972 McGovernites who have never smartened up. Nor need we swallow the flumdiddle about the camera presenting the reality of war. It presents just as much as the cameraman either wants or is allowed to show.

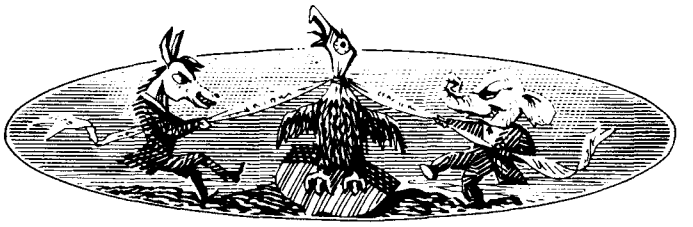
When the colleagues tell us that they are giving us the news the truth is that they are giving us what strikes them as newsworthy—according to their tastes. Other groups would view events quite differently. As Rothman and Lichter have shown, the colleagues' tastes are exceptional as an archbishop's tastes are exceptional.

Obviously there are large numbers of Americans who would like to know a lot more about an AP photographer whose repute is so high in Syrian eyes that he is trusted to go about taking pictures behind their lines. Did he take pictures of how Lieutenant Goodman was rendered comatose? No American who saw last month's picture would not want to know about that. At least I would find it an important news story. Let the colleagues infiltrate their fearless foreign correspondents across occupied Lebanon to uncover the cause of our flyer's befuddled state. Was he beaten? Apparently there is an AP paparazzo who knows. Or does he? Was he just called in once the Syrians had prepared a proper spectacle?

But then, many of our journalists are not intrepid at all. Many are very docile poseurs, easily manipulated by the enemies of freedom. They do not recognize freedom's enemies nor freedom's friends, for their sense of reality was formed by the ideological

(continued on page 44)

CAPITOL IDEAS



FEEDING OFF CAPITALISM

Tom Bethell

The media Hive shifts the focus of its attack on the Reagan Administration so rapidly and so unpredictably that by the time you read this it may be as passé as "Debategate." Nevertheless, let the record show that December's cause-of-the-month began when a wire service reporter engaged presidential counselor Edwin Meese III in the following colloquy:

"Why do people go to soup kitchens on holidays?"

"Well, because they want to get food. But that people are not being cared for, or that people are going hungry involuntarily, that's why the President has appointed this task force on food assistance to find out if that is true and if so why."

"You think others are going hungry voluntarily?"

"Well, I think some people are going to soup kitchens voluntarily. I know we've had considerable information that people go to soup kitchens because the food is free and that that's easier than paying for it."

"Oh, you mean that they can afford it and then they still go . . . "

"I think that they have money. I think we have a system in this country that virtually everyone is taken care of by one program or another, that is who is truly in need, and a lot of people on the margin."

Thus, the Administration once again demonstrated its (close your eyes and guess the next word) insensitivity to the poor.

A predictable sequence of "indignation" stories came out in the *Washington Post*. (The *New York Times* kept things more in proportion.) On Day One *Washington Post* reporter David Hoffman claimed, not believably, that Meese had "created a major political controversy" ("Meese Sparks a Firestorm"), and by Day Two the *Post* had two reporters on the case, Margaret Engel and Edward Sargent ("Meese's Hunger Remarks Stir More Outrage Among Groups").

For some reason, however, the *Washington Post* and other media seemed to be having a hard time actually producing a hungry person. We know, of course, that a Pulitzer Prize is awaiting the journalist who can find an American who dies of hunger, and probably the Nobel Prize for Literature as well. As Joe Sobran recently wrote: "If one person in America had starved over the last 20 years, you, reader, would know his name. The media would see to that. It would be the most thoroughly documented death since John Kennedy's." On Day Three, I went to the Safeway to see if they carried any books (they do have a sizable book section) on how to fatten up on the least amount of money, but all I could find were dieting books; fifteen of them, to be precise.

By the end of the week the *Washington Post* seemed to be maintaining its indignation level fairly well, but there was an obvious reluctance on the part of reporters to set out for the soup kitchens. (They seemed to be more interested in snagging Meese in another "gaffe," photographing him sitting down at a well-set table, and so on.) So on Day Eight I omitted to shave, donned my scarf and rumpled raincoat, and set out to explore for myself. This turned out to be what the White House had dubbed "Care and Share Day," I read in the paper. Once again the Administration was making the mistake of playing the game of Policy according to the rules established by its adversaries.

My first stop was St. Stephen and the Incarnation Episcopal Church on 16th Street. I was told this church has a she-minister, is in a black part of Washington (on the fringe of the ghetto), and has lots of white-liberal volunteer activity. A line of people, all black, were waiting at the church door. This turned out to be a free distribution of U.S. Department of Agriculture food—five-pound packs of cheese and containers of honey. A sign on the door said: "Eligibility criteria: Food Stamp recipients, Medicare recipients, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, Public Assistance recipients, Social Security recipients, Exhausted Benefits persons, the unemployed."

I went inside the door to observe the

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's *Washington correspondent.*

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distribution, but I was firmly ordered to the back of the line by an efficient-looking woman. I noticed the women in the line were respectable-looking—good shoes, purses, and overcoats, for example—but the men clearly were winos. In practice, to get a five-pound block of cheese (the church had received 600 such blocks that morning) all you had to do was produce an I.D. But that turned out to be beyond the abilities of several of the dilapidated men in the line.

Two quite well-dressed women were driven to the church by a third in a Chrysler Cordoba. They marched in, showed I.D.'s, and emerged with a pack of cheese apiece. Another woman actually drove up in a taxi while I was there, but I suppose the driver might have been her husband: She sat next to him. Then a wild wino male came stumbling into the church and was sent away by the volunteer food distributors, who were sitting behind tables with clipboards. They said he had been through the line once already. He went outside again and started to shout at passing cars: "Didn't get nothin man, said I went in before. That was by bruvva, my bruvva was the one had the green hat on, Robin. I'm Robert, sound the same. . . . " It was getting cold. His breath turned to steam.

Two more women came to the door and I asked them what they had to do to get cheese (by now the honey had run out). One had her pocketbook out. She took her D.C. driver's license from its plastic container, alongside several other neatly housed, orderly plastic cards. "As long as it got your pitcher on it," she said, pulling at her coat and edging away from me slightly.

I told the authorities I was "media," wondering if they would ask to see my I.D. But they didn't. (They never do.) I was bustled downstairs to an office, where I met a rotund, 33-year-old man named Dennis Bethea, formerly with the Peace Corps, now director of the Samaritan Ministry, "a volunteer-based social service program," he said. There were Ed Meese-*Washington Post* clips on a bulletin board. He took me into a kitchen where a stew was being prepared for that evening's soup line, to be served downtown. A few volunteers were carving up bell peppers, onions, carrots, and a sizable rack of lamb. All the food was donated. It smelled so good that Dennis joked about having a barbecue sometime.

"It is free, as Mr. Meese points out," he told me. "But his statement is tremendously ridiculous, when you consider that people have to stand in line for four hours. That is payment enough. My sense is that for the richest nation in the world to make people stand in line is downright sinful."

We returned to his office and I asked him about George Gilder's key idea about welfare: It is not that the regulations force the man to leave the home before wife and children can receive welfare, thus breaking up families (which in any event is no longer true: the regs have been changed), but that a great many men can't really function at all if they don't have a provider role to play in life. At the bottom of the economic ladder, the cash value of the total array of government services is more than an unskilled laborer can earn. So the state's overgenerous provision demoralizes these men by undermining their provider role, rendering them incapable of holding down jobs and turning them eventually into winos who shout at cars.

"The system undermines every effort to maintain a family intact," Dennis admitted. But he contrived to blame "the system" rather than the welfare system. "The husband may make $65 a week," he said. "You can't support a family on that. So you are either together and starving or on welfare and separated." He added that in many of the cases he sees, "the male

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Walter M. Bortz II, M.D.:

ON DISEASE . . . AGING . . . AND DISUSE

Much of illness . . . and even many biologic changes thought due to aging . . . may really be due to simple disuse

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *Dr. Walter M. Bortz II of Stanford University School of Medicine and the Palo Alto Medical Clinic, in many medical journal reports, is urging physicians to recognize the striking evidence: That human frailty has a third dimension which is neither disease nor time. And that overcoming the disuse dimension by natural means can sustain health and slow aging-related changes as no drug can. We have asked him to brief you on this vital subject.*

"Use it or lose it" seems like a trite, trivial aphroism. But it is not. Contained within those five small words is immense wisdom.

All natural processes link vitality with purposeful activity. When purpose is lost, nature has little tolerance. Each cell, tissue, and organ requires active stimulation to function optimally. When denied maximal usage, deterioration in function and structure is certain to follow.

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Medicine and the individual today are—or should be—faced with a potentially greatly rewarding new challenge: recognizing how much of all illness and slowing down result from disuse rather than disease or aging. And, of course, *the coronary challenge: how much can be done by something inherent, natural—becoming active, fully, purposefully active.*

The "disease theory"—not enough

Traditional medical "disease theory" holds that ill-

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ego is not just submerged, it is destroyed."

When I went out there was a broken-down fellow sitting in a chair beside a pay phone. He was trembling all over. Apparently he had no I.D.

I went downtown to the soup kitchen and stood in line outside with the other men. Against the wall of the building were a hundred broken bottles. There were no women in line—presumably they were dining on cheese and honey in their Section 8, government-provided apartments. I felt like George Orwell in *Down and Out in Paris and London*. We were surrounded by government offices, their bright lights gleaming out at us in the cold dusk. You could see the bureaucrats languidly closing their filing cabinets and getting ready to go home.

The men didn't talk to one another and that was a relief. The wait was more like four minutes than four hours. You picked up a plate and plastic cutlery and they heaped on the lamb stew I had seen them cooking that morning. Also there were wrapped bologna sandwiches, some crumbled but perfectly edible dessert, and finally someone stuck an orange in your pocket. This soup kitchen was run by the Community for Creative Non-Violence whose leading light, Mitch Snyder (forever sleeping on grates and hunger-striking against the names of submarines) told me that afternoon that "enough food is produced and discarded each day to feed 50 million additional people in America." I can believe him.

The stew was fine, especially if you were hungry, which I was. So were the others, evidently—about 150 men and maybe four women. Next to me was a black male, good-looking and still no grey in his beard, who was wearing for bravado one of those baseball-style Navy caps with scrambled egg on the peak. He told me that he had been in the service but had stayed off unemployment—a point of pride. I asked him if he was eligible for Food Stamps, but he said it "took too long." One way and another there were too many hassles, he implied.

Wendy, who was running the kitchen, seemed to know many of the men, who came back every day, she said. The welfare regs demand a fixed address before Food Stamps can be issued, she said, and almost all these men were "homeless." She believed that their problem was that there weren't enough jobs to go around. She told me that she had worked at a university library, but enjoyed this much more, although she received no salary. She was kind to the men, who were allowed to go through the line as many times as they wanted. (Some did so ten times, she said.)

My impression is that the private sector welfare operations run by the Community for Creative Non-Violence (they neither receive nor seek any government or foundation money, pay no taxes, and shun all government forms), and by other such private organizations, indeed do perform a useful function. The irony, of course, is that CCNV thinks it is repairing some of the damage done by the capitalist system, when only capitalism could possibly produce the food surplus that makes CCNV's free soup kitchen a possibility (in conjunction with its free and often idealistic labor). In truth, however, Mitch Snyder and his co-workers are ameliorating some of the terrible damage done by the welfare system itself.

As for Ed Meese, he was right when he said that men go to soup kitchens because the food is free, but that is only the most obvious part of the story. The equally important attraction is that there are no hassles, no I.D. checks, no bossy women to cope with, no forms to fill out, no questions asked at all. You don't even have to say thank you. You can just arrive, eat the food, and then go out into the night. □

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Maurice Cranston

THE YEAR OF GEORGE ORWELL

The date is immaterial.

Intellectuals of the Left may well greet the year 1984 with a special sort of satisfaction. The world, they will say, has not turned out to be at all as bad as that depicted in George Orwell's novel, *1984*. The socialist totalitarian regime of his utopia—or nightmare—does not dominate the West; Orwell has been proved to be wrong.

But has he? The truth of the matter is that *1984* was never meant to be an exercise in prediction. The date is immaterial. The novel is prophetic only in that it points out the way the world is going, and suggests the forms totalitarianism will take. In looking back over the past forty years and contemplating the world as it now is, there is much to confirm Orwell's understanding of the nature of the totalitarian threat to liberty and his vision of the methods it would use to accomplish its ends.

Orwell has always been detested on the Left with peculiar intensity, because he was himself a man of the Left. He proved the sincerity of his socialism by going to Spain to fight against Franco in the Spanish Civil War. In 1938 he published, in *Homage to Catalonia,* his account of what that war was all about. The Republican government, he argued, was not defending socialism, or promoting revolution. Controlled by the Communists and their fellow travelers, the government was using the rhetoric of revolution to prevent a revolution from taking place. The Spanish Republic had fallen into the hands of power-seeking totalitarians, who were even more eager to exterminate "anarchists" and "Trotskyites" than they were to defeat Franco's insurgents.

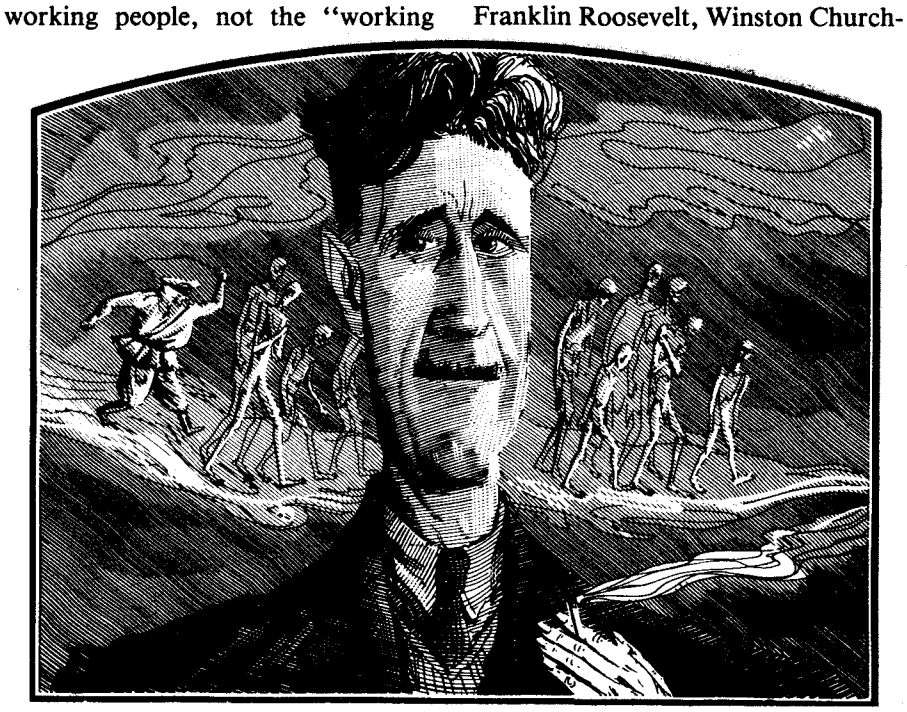
Maurice Cranston is professor of political science at the London School of Economics. His most recent book is Jean-Jacques: The Early Life of Jean-Jacques Rousseau *(W. W. Norton).*

Orwell had at that time the utmost difficulty in making his views known. The liberal and left-wing press refused to publish his work; he was disinclined to write for the conservative press. He had to rely on the impact of his books. Fortunately the very power of his writing ensured that his books were read. In an age of mealy-mouthed equivocation, he revived the art of plain speaking and direct writing. He said, for example, of the left-wing intelligentsia in England that they were "Bolshevik commissars, half-gangsters, half-gramophone, escaped Quakers, vegetarian cranks, and back-room Labour Party crawlers." No one who could write like that could be ignored, especially someone with Orwell's indisputable left-wing credentials.

What were those left-wing credentials? Although he was of middle-class origins, and had been educated at Eton, Orwell had not only volunteered for Spain, he had chosen to live among the poor in London and Paris and the industrial North. His life was one of the utmost frugality, and he was a tireless champion of the rights of working people. By this he meant the real working people, not the "working classes" of Marxist theory. "I have never met a genuine working man who accepted Marxism," Orwell once said. Marxism was an invention of intellectuals; and for intellectuals Orwell had no time at all.

Intellectuals pretended that they were struggling for democracy against fascism. Orwell maintained that the real struggle must be between democracy and totalitarianism. Fascism, he pointed out, had a great deal in common with Communism. "Why deny that Hitler is a kind of Socialist?" he asked. What he called "the eye-opener of the Hitler-Stalin pact" of 1939 proved his point that so-called "Right" and "Left" totalitarians had much that was fundamentally in common.

Orwell, a lonely anti-totalitarian socialist, was fortunate at that juncture in capturing public attention with his broadcasts on the BBC; but when Hitler attacked the USSR in 1941 and the Communists became patriots again, Orwell had serious problems in finding a publisher for *Animal Farm,* his marvelous satire on the Soviet system, written at a time when Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, and all the other high-minded leaders of the West were hailing Stalin as good old Uncle Joe. In writing *Animal Farm,* Orwell had been guilty of an indiscretion; and in *1984,* written after the war had been won, he compounded his offenses by producing a novel in which totalitarian socialism was depicted as triumphant in the English-speaking West.



The intellectuals reacted to Orwell with their usual complacency. Any socialist who criticized them, they assumed, must have something wrong in his head; and when Orwell developed a severe form of tuberculosis (which killed him in 1950), this was felt to confirm the diagnosis. "Poor old George," the left-wing intellectuals said in the 1940s, "he's just a sick man." And now they can say of *1984* that it was not only part of his delirium, but inaccurate as prediction.

But, of course, reasonable people are not going to have Orwell written off so briskly, and Mr. Irving Howe has had the excellent idea of commemorating Orwell's novel by inviting a group of critics, considered to be representative of both left- and right-wing opinion, to contribute to a symposium.* Mr. Howe himself, in his introductory essay, makes the point that Orwell's "idea of a totally controlled society in which a self-perpetuating elite rules through terror and ideology no longer strikes us as either a dim horror or a projection of the paranoid mind," and yet Mr. Howe in the end opts for the radical side by saying that "the evidence of history . . . comes down strongly against Orwell's vision of the future."

Unfortunately, Mr. Howe does not say *what* evidence of history he has in

**1984 Revisited: Totalitarianism in Our Century,* edited by Irving Howe. Harper & Row, $10.95/$3.50 paper.

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mind here, and the left-wing contributors to his collection do not much help him. Professor Michael Walzer, who can always be relied upon to defend a radical position as well as it can be defended, uses one of the ploys which (as readers may remember) Orwell condemned as a typical intellectual's stratagem, namely linguistic innovation. Walzer's proposal is to drop the word "totalitarianism" so far as the regimes of the present world are concerned. No existing system satisfies his definition, so the menace of totalitarianism is removed, as it were, by sleight of hand. His enterprise resembles that of the equally stalwart radical theorist, Professor C.B. Macpherson, who redefined the word "democracy" not long ago in such a fashion that virtually every regime in the world today could claim to be democratic.

"Totalitarianism," writes Professor Walzer reassuringly, "has failed" and is "doomed to failure." The totalitarian regimes of Hitler and Stalin are of the past; "the rulers of Russia today are very much like old-fashioned oligarchs—heavy, suspicious, uninspired, brutal. . . . Russia today is a dictatorship, resting on popular apathy, the hollow shell of a totalitarian regime." Professor Walzer comes to the cheerful conclusion that the Soviet system is just another form of "authoritarianism," although he is somewhat ungracious towards those "conservatives" who persist in drawing a distinction between "totalitarianism" and "authoritarianism" in order, as he puts it, to revive "the spirit of the cold war."

It would not be much good talking like this to Orwell—the "spirit of the cold war" was exactly what he wanted to keep alive. This is not to say that he turned into a man of the Right. Still, Professor Robert Nisbet, in what is by far the best essay in this book, detects a strong element of conservative insight in Orwell's view of the world, and with this judgment one cannot disagree. Professor Nisbet notes that Orwell acknowledged the past to be "an indispensable foundation of freedom"; he regarded the intellectual class as a sinister new aristocracy, rooted not in the law but in "word and symbol"; he saw the proletariat uprooted from tradition and moral code "played upon by their masters," and he interpreted the totalitarian state as "an outcome, and not a reversal, of socialized mass democracy." These "quintessentially conservative themes," as Nisbet calls them, are central to Orwell's writing.

It is no part of Professor Nisbet's argument, however, to claim that Orwell was a conservative in the full sense of that term: "liberal democratic socialist—albeit salted with skepticism—probably comes closest to describing his political views." There again, I think, Professor Nisbet is correct. Orwell himself wrote in a letter in 1945, "I belong to the left, and must work inside it."

Orwell's socialism was both positive and negative. He believed in the goodness of ordinary people. In *1984,* it is the simple decent chap Winston Smith who resists totalitarianism, long after the intellectual elite has been corrupted. Orwell also believed in state management of the economy. But he mistrusted state planning of culture and the arts. "The golden age of the artist," he wrote, "was the age of the capitalist. The artist had then escaped from the patron, and had not yet been captured by the bureaucrat." In short, Orwell believed in just as much socialism as could be reconciled with freedom.

Is he to be reproached for not having suggested in detail how much that might be? Orwell might protest that providing blueprints of social democracy was none of his business. He was not a political theorist, but a moralist and journalist, "trying to make political writing into an art." Besides, he insisted, all questions about the improvement of democracy were dwarfed by the overwhelming threat of a totalitarian conquest by force and by stealth.

One of the most perceptive contributors to Mr. Howe's symposium, Dr. Johanno Strasser, suggests how this threat that Orwell dreaded takes shape today:

> The menace hovering over the eighties is not total dominance by some fanatical party elite, but rather the progressive undermining of democracy by the silent dictatorship of forces inherent in our reality. The greatest danger does not threaten us from reactionaries from unenlightened powers of the past, but from the most modern achievements of our technological and economic lifestyle. *1984* does not mean the possibility of *relapsing* into barbarism. It means the possibility of perverting progress—because progress has lost the gauge by which to measure what is both feasible and humane.

Orwell would almost certainly agree with this; and he would see no reason to rewrite *1984* in 1984. □

Matthew Stevenson

TRAVELING THE AFGHAN ARCHIPELAGO

Visiting the victims of Soviet progress.

Pakistan's capital, Islamabad, is a patch of tranquillity on the Asian mainland. Twelve miles from Rawalpindi, the fading British way station between Kabul and Delhi, it appears at the end of a four-lane parkway, rather the way Washington, D.C., surfaces on the ride in from Dulles International Airport. Islamabad is a new city in the fashion of Brasilia and Canberra, capitals that have sprung fully formed from an architect's drafting table. Before, it was a town, at best, surrounded by cool mountains and an expansive prairie. Now it is Islam's first suburb, a grid of neatly laid-out bureaucracies and vacant lots reminiscent of an industrial park near Houston. So few people actually live there that one can't help wondering if, when the American embassy was sacked in 1979, the demonstrators were bused in for the performance.

Wanting to find out more about the refugees from the war in Afghanistan, I arrived in Islamabad shortly before midnight on a cool evening late last summer. The train from Lahore goes only as far as Rawalpindi; a taxi brought me the rest of the way. The choice of hotels—between the Islamabad Hotel and the Holiday Inn—seemed a tidy symbol of modern-day Pakistan's dichotomies. I chose the Islamabad, as it was nearer the ministry of public affairs, and the following day went next door to a small cluster of shops where, over a drug store, I found the department that handles press credentials for anyone wanting to visit the refugees.

The office was a replica of so many on the subcontinent. Officials in traditional Pakistani cotton suits sat behind tired wooden desks. Paper the consistency of newsprint was stacked everywhere. Only the strategic use of paperweights kept it from scattering in the jetstream created by the ceiling fans. True to form, I was greeted warmly and served lukewarm tea with milk. After an hour of polite conversation—interrupted by numerous phone calls and document signings—it was arranged for me to visit some of the refugee camps in Peshawar, the provincial capital of the Northwest Frontier Province.

First, however, I was scheduled to meet General Said Azhar, the high commissioner for Afghan refugees, whose office in Islamabad is literally on the edge of town. General Azhar, a sturdy man in his late fifties, welcomed me in what had been the living room in a ranch-style house. On the walls, in military fashion, were a number of maps, all seemingly charting Pakistan's proximity to danger. Several showed the region: Iran and Afghanistan to the west; the Soviet

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Union and China to the north; India to the east. Another showed the archipelago of the nearly 350 refugee camps along the border with Afghanistan, yet another volcanic chain of islands forced to the surface by Soviet cruelty.

The general summarized the refugee situation for me. In 1973, after Sardar Daoud overthrew the monarchy of Mohammad Zahir Shah, a few hundred opponents of the new Afghan regime trickled across the border into Pakistan. But the flow was insignificant until April 1978, when Muhammad Taraki staged a successful coup. The Daoud family was eliminated and in the general upheaval more than 100,000 refugees fled Afghanistan. That September Taraki himself was swept away in yet another coup and replaced by his prime minister, Hafizullah Amin. Again the refugees took to the mountainous trails that lead into Pakistan. At the same time violent opposition to the Moscow-supported Amin threatened to topple his frail government. It was at this point, in December 1979, that the Soviet Union intervened, anxious to protect a potential client and buffer state. In the turmoil, Amin died mysteriously, and Babrak Karmal, then Afghanistan's ambassador to Czechoslovakia, was brought in to run a puppet government. The resistance now began in earnest; so did the flight of the Afghans.

Since the Russian invasion, more than three million Afghans have actually registered in Pakistan as refugees. Who knows how many more have crossed the border and ignored the bureaucracy? Many Afghans are nomadic by tradition, and persist in their habit of migrating in summer from the mountains to the valleys, and back again in winter, despite the fighting. Now, however, Pakistan is a long stop on these wanderings, a safe harbor from the war. In the spring of 1980 the number of refugee immigrants reached a high point of 130,000 a month. At the beginning, General Ahzar's agencies and colleagues provided emergency shelter, food, and clothing. Tents were supplied wherever the Afghans camped, producing the network of tent villages that is now, more or less, a permanent home for these uprooted Afghans. The state within a state stretches from the red deserts of Baluchistan in the south to an area in the mountains near the ancient kingdom of Swat.

In 1983 the cost of maintaining the refugees came to $441 million, or about $12 for each refugee. Pakistan paid just under half of this, no mere gesture for a country as poor as any in the Third World. The United States committed itself to donating $8 million, 170,000 blankets, used clothing, and 240 International Harvester trucks. Other nations gave tea, medical supplies, food, tents, and other relief supplies. But considering that the Afghan dislocation constitutes the greatest population dispersal in the world since 1947, such assistance barely meets the needs of most refugees. When each Afghan registers as a refugee in Pakistan, he is entitled to cash, food, and other assistance totaling 150 rupees a month—not much, with the Pakistan rupee worth about nine American cents. Worse, for all concerned, is that the longer the war continues, the more the status of the refugees appears to be permanent.

Said Azhar has visited all the 350 or so encampments under his jurisdiction. He made arrangements for me to see several near Peshawar the following day and then dropped me off at my hotel on his way home. On the way, we passed the ribbed-iron and marble skeleton of the unfinished parliament. If Islamabad is a model city, this will be the model capitol; and if function follows form, Pakistan will soon resemble Gladstone's England.

The next day began in the rain. I met my driver, Omar, in the hotel lobby at six a.m., and we set off through a cloudburst for Peshawar, seventy-five miles to the west. The road was mostly two lanes, with an occasional aspiration to expressway status. The trucks and buses on the highway looked like

Another map showed the archipelago of the nearly 350 refugee camps along the border with Afghanistan, yet another volcanic chain of islands forced to the surface by Soviet cruelty.

advertisements for Islam. Each was decorated with colorful stencils and chrome embroidery, giving their front ends the silhouette of a mosque. Some of the stenciling showed landscapes. One, I noticed, was the vivid detail of an armored vehicle shooting down a Russian plane. Others had portraits of departed war heroes. It made the journey to the frontier a festive occasion.

At first impression, Peshawar seems to have been built for the purpose of buying and selling guns. Signs advertising "Guns" and "Ammo" are everywhere, making the place look like one's idea of Cheyenne during the era of the six-shooter. But this is indeed a frontier city—be it that of internal Pakistani squabbling or the Cold War.

Peshawar's importance lies in its location. Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, is through the Khyber Pass to the west, and, until the war started, a narrow-gauge train took passengers as far as the mountain town of Landi Kotal near the border. Peshawar is also the strategic intersection between Islamabad and the sometimes rebellious province of Baluchistan. And from Peshawar one can take the only road north to Chitral, the northwest corner of Pakistan, close not only to Afghanistan but also to the Soviet Union, China, and India. Little wonder that the military government in Islamabad has kept its defense establishment in Peshawar. In any conflict larger than the present one in Afghanistan it would take on the significance of El Alamein.

While I was there, I heard someone refer to Peshawar as "a page from *Homage to Catalonia,*" an allusion to the factionally divided Barcelona that George Orwell described in his memoir of the Spanish Civil War. Peshawar is indeed headquarters for the principal factions of the resistance in Afghanistan, though in the beginning, despite their common cause, these groups barely spoke. Now they have coalesced into two tenuous wartime alliances, "the group of seven" and "the group of three." Still, the struggle among the groups is almost as fanatical as the struggle with the Soviets.

Long before it became the shadow capital of free Afghanistan, Peshawar was notorious for sheltering undergrounds. In the days of the British empire it was a favorite of intelligence agents slipping in and out of Afghanistan, which the empire never managed to subdue in the course of three wars. And though the names of the clandestine rivals have changed, the city still feels one part Kipling and one part Le Carré. The Soviet mission in Peshawar has lately taken to verifying Russian casualties in Afghanistan by buying back the dogtags that have been stripped from killed Russian soldiers and returned to the city as booty.

Nevertheless, the principal commodity traded between Russian intelligence and the divided Afghans is disinformation. It is in the Soviets' interests to keep the resistance divided—fratricidal, if possible. And it's easy to feed the bad blood with rumors and an occasional killing. Nor could there be a better cover for both sides than a city of bazaars and narrow, cobbled streets through which intrigue passes as quietly as small boys with bare feet.

At Dabgri Building, yet another dim municipal office with paper-strewn desks and languid ceiling fans, I met Mr. Affridi, the local press attaché. He was about forty and, although not in uniform, looked like a major on assignment. He introduced Mr. Nawaz, who was to accompany me to the camps, and then talked about the negotiations on Afghanistan in Geneva.

"You know," he said, "there is a proverb that says the Russians never withdraw."

A number of proposals have been put forward in Geneva to end the fighting in Afghanistan. One suggestion even has the exiled king returning to Afghanistan from Rome. But what prevents any kind of settlement being reached is that neither the resistance nor the Soviet Union has any incentive to end the fighting. The Afghans may be fragmented, but they are at least

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agreed on fighting until the Russians leave—even if that isn't for another hundred years. The way the Russians see it, withdrawal would result in the overthrow of Babrak Karmal's government and perhaps the establishment of a fundamentalist Islamic regime hostile to Moscow. As Mr. Affridi remarked, "The only thing that would change their mind on this would be heavy losses, heavier than those they are now suffering." But casualties on both sides are difficult to estimate. The resistance is reported to have suffered 100,000 casualties. The Soviets may have lost 10,000 to 15,000 men killed, but neither side is especially concerned with body counts; nor, I might add, with taking prisoners.

Before I could actually visit the camps, I needed yet another signature on my papers—this one from the district commissioner for Afghan refugees. The otherwise nondescript two-story building that housed his office was distinguished by a milling crowd of Afghan men near the front door and in the lobby. They wore pajama-like cotton suits and full beards and were remarkable for the intensity of their expressions, with eyes that seemed eternally fixed on distant enemy encampments. These were *mujahidin,* or holy warriors, on leave from the fighting, and they appeared uncomfortable away from the front lines, without their guns.

Waiting in the district commissioner's office, I leafed through the *Jihad Days,* an English-language magazine of the resistance produced on faded newsprint. It contained profiles of soldiers killed fighting the Russians. One, Dr. Man Nasrat, was described as having "girded up his loins as soon as the Red coup of communists gained victory." In a desperate last stand, according to the magazine, he killed thirty-five Russians before "the soul of this heroic man and of this brilliant beacon went loft high to the creator of the world . . . " There was another article entitled "A liberation gained through muskets and axes," a fairly accurate summary of both the weaponry of the resistance and its determination.

Nasir Bagh, which means "green garden," is the first piece of flatland down from the hills of the Khyber Pass. The encampment's eastern boundary is an irrigation canal, edged by graceful hanging trees—no doubt the first water found by refugees filing out of the mountains; the rest of the settlement spreads out over an arid, almost lunar landscape whose hard-packed sandy soil is divided by culverts from the storms that sweep the plain. The drab olive-green military tents recall the fate of refugees all over the world, except that this lot seems even more tenuous than most.

It is misleading to call the "refugee tent villages"—their bureaucratic description—camps. No barbed wire or guards surround the Afghans, who are free to come and go as they please. It's easier to think of them as entire villages that have migrated across the border. Tribal discipline and rituals have remained intact.

"You know," he said, "there is a proverb that says the Russians never withdraw."

Mr. Nawaz and I were greeted by an elderly Afghan. He was over six feet tall, with a stringy white beard and the long, precise gait of someone who has spent a lifetime climbing through mountain passes. Now he is a village elder, looking after the women and children while the men are away fighting the Russians.

Walking through the encampment was like touring an adobe village in the American southwest. As a supplement to the original emergency-supply tents, which keep one neither warm in winter nor cool in summer, the Afghans have put up their traditional houses from blocks of dried mud.

Children followed us everywhere. First they would peek from behind a mud wall; then, with urging from our guide, join the tour. Not one begged for food or money, even though it was clear they could use both. All posed solemnly for the camera whenever asked.

Amid the monotony of mundane routine—school for the children, hauling water for the women—life in the refugee villages is reduced to a never-ending series of expectations: waiting for the Russians to leave; waiting for the men to return from the fighting; waiting for the supplies of food to arrive.

As I left Nasir Bagh along the absurdly stately irrigation road, the villages seemed transplants not just from Afghanistan, but from the Middle Ages. Only the few jeeps of the relief agencies interfered with a landscape that would have been familiar to anyone living 500 years ago. Since then foreign invaders have come and gone with the regularity of supernatural tides, but the Afghans have always held on, somehow.

That afternoon, I found Louis Dupree, the author of several books about Afghanistan, and his wife eating lunch and packing for departure to the U.S. in their room at Dean's Hotel.

Dupree is a short, vigorous man in his late fifties. During the Second World War he jumped into the Philippines with an American airborne division. He got a doctorate at Harvard and has taught and lived in Afghanistan whenever possible ever since. Just before the last coup and the Russian invasion he was jailed for a week in Kabul as an "undesirable" and then deported. He is now in Pakistan working on a book about the Afghan refugees. Needless to say, Dupree is no supporter of the Karmal government; nor, for that matter, of U.S. indifference to the Afghan cause.

He described the fighting in Afghanistan as a cross between the Spanish Civil War and the resistance against the Nazis in Yugoslavia. "The one difference here," he said, "is that the Western world hasn't been drawn to the cause of the Afghans as it was to the Republicans in Spain. The tactics the Russians are using are worse than anything used by Franco, only nobody seems to care."

One problem is how to supply guns to a badly divided resistance, whose armies tend to be tribal and rarely larger than 4,000 men. In any event, of the estimated 100,000 *mujahidin,* only about 30,000 have rifles. For the rest, it's the way *Jihad Days* described it: a holy war fought with muskets and axes.

Russian broadcasts would have it believed that the West, especially the United States, is funneling substantial arms to the resistance. But Jere Van Dyk, the author of *In Afghanistan: An American Odyssey,* described the military assistance as "rifles and sleeping bags." Before he was assassinated, President Anwar Sadat said that the United States was purchasing some of Egypt's surplus of Russian arms for shipment to the Afghans. Yet the reluctance of the West is in supplying the *mujahidin* with the weaponry—notably heat-seeking "Red-eye" missiles—that will knock out Soviet helicopters. The problem, Louis Dupree said with exasperation, is one of accountability. "No one wants to be responsible for aiding the Afghans and killing Russians, however indirectly. It's fine to go all out in Latin America. But the Russian army is here. And the Afghans feel bitter. They think, and rightly so, that they are fighting the West's fight against communism and the Soviets. But then they don't see any help."

Those neighboring countries that also live in the Soviet Union's shadow are no less afraid of antagonizing the Russians. Pakistan has been careful not to appear as a participant in the struggle. Aiding the refugees is all very well, but the regime of President Zia ul-Haq fears that the war would spread if Pakistan openly supported the Afghan cause. China is reluctant to help the resistance for the same reason.

"What I would like to see," Dupree told me, "is the U.S. and other Western governments guaranteeing the territorial integrity of Pakistan. Not the regime, but the country. Since the end of World War II, we've been backing regimes, not countries. This would be different. Announce that you will defend Pakistan. That would free up a lot of aid for the resistance. Tell them that a Russian footprint in Pakistan is the same as a Russian footprint in Washington, D.C. We should be one of the policemen of the world; not the only policeman. That's when we get into trouble."

So far, however, the extent of the American commitment to the Afghans has been to use their suffering to score moralistic points against the Soviets. President Carter canceled American participation in the Moscow Olympic games after the Russian invasion, but didn't do much else. This summer both Secretary of State Shultz and Defense Secretary Weinberger—on separate occasions—flew by helicopter to the Khyber Pass to address the *mujahidin.* Secretary Shultz told them: "Fellow fighters of freedom, we are with you." Secretary Weinberger said: "I want you to know that you are not alone." Each then flew off to other appointments, leaving the Afghans still facing the Soviets with their muskets and axes.

There is yet another reaction to the resistance in Afghanistan, one that sees it as "a self-sustaining revolt," which means: As long as the Afghans, with nineteenth-century guns and a few bombs, can keep bleeding the Soviet

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army white in mountainous combat, why should the West do anything to disturb things? Louis Dupree stands in the doorway to his room at Dean's and says, rapidly: "I find that notion obscene."

Late that afternoon, before leaving Peshawar, I went to a house on the outskirts, hoping to find Abdul Haq, one of the leaders in the resistance. The guards near the front door of the two-story house said he was in, and the one with a machine gun slung across his chest showed me to a small office toward the back. Inside was a couch, a few chairs, and an empty desk. A few minutes later in came Abdul Haq, a bearded man in his late twenties. He looked remarkably like Fidel Castro but had none of the Cuban's stridency. Haq spoke English effortlessly and said he had been in Peshawar for two weeks. He was here to visit his wife and family. Soon he would be going back to the fighting where he commanded 4,000 men in the Kabul region. In the war's most crucial theater, he led possibly the largest single body of Afghan troops.

He grew up in Nangarhar, a province along the border with Pakistan. His father worked as a civil servant; his mother raised the family of eight children. One of the influences in his upbringing was clearly the code of *Pushtunwali,* the ethos of a major tribe in eastern and southern Afghanistan, which serves as a guide for all Afghans. According to *The Struggle for Afghanistan,* an excellent book about the war by Richard and Nancy Newell: "It is simple but demanding. Group survival is its primary imperative. It demands vengeance against injury or insult to one's kin, chivalry and hospitality toward the helpless and unarmed strangers, bravery in battle, and openness and integrity in individual behavior." In accordance with this, the Haq family has divided the responsibility for the struggle. Several brothers are working abroad—in Saudi Arabia and West Germany—to earn money. Several other siblings live in the camps, taking care of the elderly and the children. The rest, led by Abdul, are fighting the Russians.

As a commander in the Kabul sector, he organizes everything from guerrilla raids to major offensives—or at least what can be mounted with the weaponry available.

"In the beginning," he said, "we were using the tactics that had defeated the British in the last century. Now we are learning, changing. We have no teachers. We learn from experience." The warrior-poet is one of the ideals of Afghan society. Louis Dupree told me that a lot of poetry was coming out of Afghanistan these days—much of it dreary—and that, like it or not, many men were happy to be back in the traditional role of fighting an oppressor. Abdul Haq struck me neither as a warrior nor as a poet. He was fighting because his country had been overrun. What choice did he have? He spoke of his experience in combat, but expressed none of the awe of the Soviet army currently in vogue in the West. Russian soldiers, he explained, are "very stupid."

He went on to say: "They have two kinds of soldiers. One, the draftees, who don't want to be in Afghanistan. They're scared of everything. Second, the regular army. They have all the latest equipment. Tanks. Helicopters. Everything. But they can't do anything for themselves. We know the land: every stream, every hill. They know nothing. When we attack, they have to wait for orders as to what to do next. But then we are gone." He described how the Russians would march arrogantly into a battle behind all the latest machinery, but would be left vulnerable as soon as they were in hand-to-hand fighting.

"Without their officers, the soldiers are lost," he said. "The Russian army is trained to fight against governments. They are trained for tank battles in the desert. But they are no good against the *mujahidin*. This is our home."

Despite such brave words, the war remains a stand-off. The Russians control the cities and the major supply routes. Nearly half their troops are in or near Kabul, maintaining the Karmal government that is reportedly despised by a majority of the Afghans. In Kabul and Herat and Kandahar, the principal Afghan cities, there are few men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to be seen on the streets. The Soviets have taken to door-to-door sweeps to bolster "enlistments" for the Afghan army, which averages about 30,000 men. The Russians might just as well be recruiting for the *mujahidin,* since there is a steady underground flow of troops out of the Afghan army to the resistance. The defectors take with them guns and ammunition, and as a consequence the Russian army is the greatest source of weaponry for the Afghan resistance.

With the support of the rural population—or what's left of it—the resistance can move freely through large portions of the country, especially in the mountains. They receive food and shelter from local residents, and try to fight the Soviets in isolated guerrilla actions. Abdul Haq likes to say: "We started on the mountaintops. Then we came down the mountain. Now we are in the valleys and the towns. Next we want Kabul."

The Soviet response has been to concentrate large amounts of firepower against villagers and encampments. Helicopters, unchallenged by ground-to-air missiles, can move Russian troops anywhere for a surprise, concentrated attack, often backed up by artillery and air support. The idea is to discourage the villagers from aiding the *mujahidin,* but the effect has only been to lengthen the historical roster of massacres.

For the Afghans the decisive battle of the war is Kabul, but the action there remains fragmented, if brutal. Abdul Haq said that office workers in the Russian-occupied capital often join the resistance on their nightly raids. But these actions are far from the divisional-size attacks that would dislodge the Russians. And as long as the Soviet government is willing to tolerate high casualties, the war will continue as a vicious stalemate.

If you ask Abdul Haq why the Soviets decided to invade his country, his answer contains none of the qualification that a similar question might prompt at a symposium in the West.

"They took Afghanistan to drive a wedge into the subcontinent. Look at a map," he says, with a trace of irritation. The map, in fact, shows Afghanistan at the crossroads of Asia, midway between India and the Middle East. Control of the country puts the Soviet Union within striking range of the Iranian oil fields and Baluchistan, which might like to be rid of both Pakistan and Iran. Afghanistan is also rich in minerals, which the Soviets are already exploiting. Their invasion, which has tapped deposits of iron, chrome, copper, and possibly uranium, can produce a balance of trade surplus—mineral profits less military costs—even if things stay exactly the way they are now.

To Abdul Haq, the war is simply a matter of geopolitics, but one of surprisingly little interest to the Western allies. Because of his flawless English, Haq is occasionally pulled from the front lines and sent to Paris or Washington to state the Afghan cause. Last year, on a trip to the United States, a cousin actually took him to Disney World: There can hardly be a greater metaphor for the gap between the resistance and the West than the image of a commander from the Kabul region taking a trip around the Magic Kingdom.

In the West, he notes, there has been some outrage at the Soviet use of poison gas against the Afghans. But the greater problem for the villagers, he says, is the cluster bombs that the Russians scatter about. These small, black fragmented objects look to the children almost like candy or little toys, and more than one child has paid with a limb or a life for his curiosity.

As we talked, the room slowly filled up with *mujahidin* until they were crowding the door. They were there to listen to and watch their leader. Who knew—maybe this would be the conversation that would secure substantial Western aid? Abdul Haq finished by talking about supplies for the refugees. Air conditioners, destined for the Afghan hospitals, were winding up in the houses of relief workers, he said. His tone was that of a man with many burdens and none of the breaks. We walked outside, and each Afghan came forward to shake my hand. It took some time. Each looked me directly in the eye; their firm expressions were those of the old men at the tent village. Abdul Haq walked me to the car. He said he was sorry that we could not talk further. Perhaps someday we would meet again? I wished him well and said goodbye. And every time I read of Afghan casualties in the newspaper, I think of the eyes that watched my car move down the narrow lane and turn onto the highway. □

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Miriam London and Ta-ling Lee

BROKEN FAITH: STEVEN MOSHER, STANFORD, AND CHINA

Stanford's commissars purge a right-leaning deviationist.

Science called it "mysterious," a *Wall Street Journal* editorial described it as "fishy," *Time* used the word "murky." We refer to the case of Steven Westley Mosher, the doctoral candidate who in February 1983 was expelled by Stanford University's department of anthropology for "illegal and unethical" conduct during previous field work in the People's Republic of China. One reason for the haunting unease evoked by the case is the concealment of an essential piece of information—a 47-page investigative committee report containing the evidence against Mosher and arguments concerning its credibility. Department Chairman Clifford R. Barnett maintains that the release of this report, the ostensible basis for Mosher's dismissal, was withheld because the disclosures could "endanger innocent persons." At the same time, Barnett has stated in television and radio interviews that Mosher was free to reveal its contents whenever he wished and, indeed, appeared to challenge him to do so. (What then of those endangered innocents?) Mosher, on the other hand, maintains that he has been legally advised not to disclose the information on his own, since this would amount to self-slander. According to Barnett, Mosher has "everything to lose" from dissemination of the document, which "provides persuasive evidence of misconduct." Mosher declares that "when the report is made public, as it ultimately will be, it will be clear that I have been the victim of an injustice."

We are not about to engage here in investigative reportage or to speculate about anything we have not personally seen. The public record alone, however, justifies that we raise a few sharp questions and make a number of plain statements—all the more so in view of the recent publication of Steven Mosher's first book, *Broken Earth,** based on his controversial field work in China.

During a WOR radio interview in the fall of 1983, Clifford Barnett disclaimed any connection between Mosher's expulsion and the prior publication in Taiwan of an article on forced abortion, drawn from a chapter of *Broken Earth.* He stressed that the departmental committee had no objections to the factual content of the article, nor did it impugn Mosher's research findings as published in his book. These assertions were clearly intended to counter strong suspicions that Mosher's academic freedom had been violated. In short, according to Barnett, Mosher's personal conduct, not his research, was in question. A simple enough distinction—but to anyone familiar with the recent history of American Sinology and anthropology there is something oddly wrong about it. It is perhaps here that the true murkiness of the Mosher case begins. Is the validity of Mosher's research findings really beside the point?

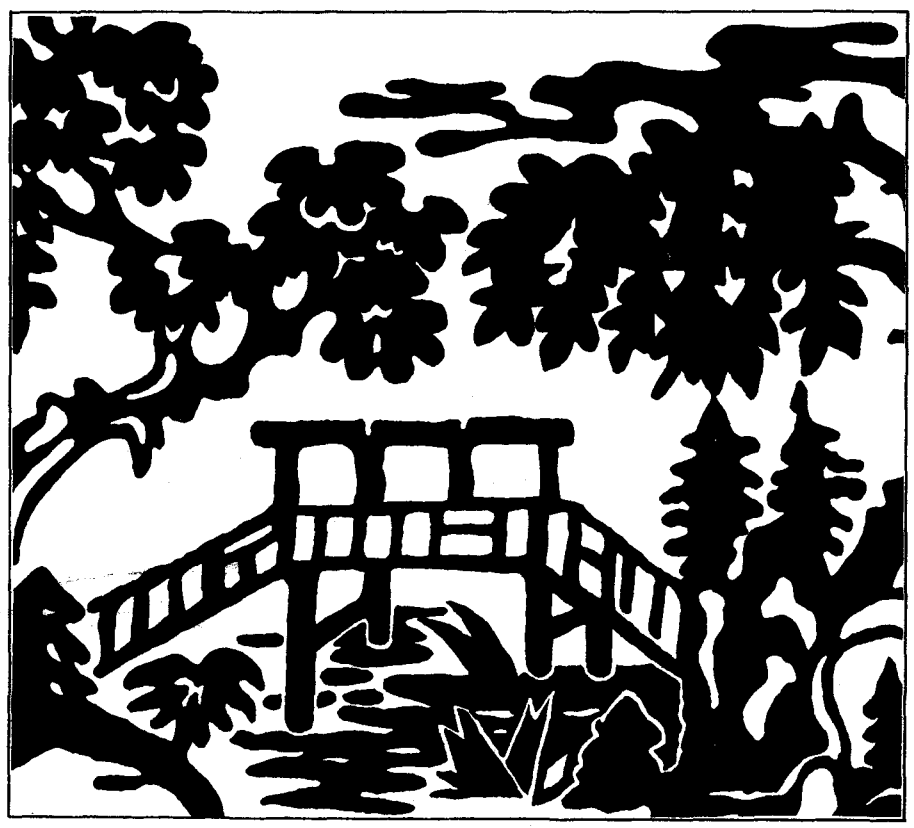
It should be recalled that since 1976, when China began to reveal some of the realities of life under Maoist rule, the discipline of Sinology has gone through a serious, if not greatly publicized, crisis. Many formerly highly rated articles and books, particularly in the area of Mosher's research, the Chinese rural economy, became instantly obsolete, their assumptions shown up as foolish and their conclusions overturned. Some of the authors of this literature had sojourned in China—a privilege that the Mao regime extended to very few—where their conduct was undoubtedly exemplary. Unfortunately, much of their work turned out to be false, based largely on the self-deception to which intellectuals bring such brilliant verbal and logical skills.

What penalty was incurred for this disastrous failure of scholarship, which suggested, at the very least, a basic inadequacy of research method? The answer is—none. No career was damaged, no academic reputation suffered, and no Expert ceased to be an Expert. Indeed, a number of the discredited works continued to be included on academic reading lists, apparently for their redeeming social value.

A number of years ago Lewis Feuer pointed to the peculiar unaccountability of social scientists for their own errors, especially those social scientists with great influence, whom he called the "Intellectual Elite." "Among other elites or professions—engineering, law, or medicine," he wrote, "mistakes of high magnitude would undermine the practitioner's standing. Not so among the intellectuals. The Intellectual Elite is least answerable for its mistakes, which tends to corrupt it. The mistake is hidden in the bibliography, lost among the footnotes." Feuer used as an example "an eminent scholar in Asian affairs," who "had a notable record for misperceiving social realities in the Far East," but whose "reputation as an expert," even after one especially gross blunder, remained undiminished. Feuer concluded that "academics, curiously, may thrive on such blunders so long as they are congruent with the emotional currents of the Intellectual Elite." In 1983, Simon Leys, reflecting on the most recent "China Expert" fiasco, was more trenchant: "We dismiss the technicians who fail to mend our cars or leaky bathroom faucets, but whenever the political reality belies the analyses of the Experts, we dismiss the reality."

In anthropology certain "emotional currents" undoubtedly helped keep Margaret Mead's fictions about Samoa

**Broken Earth: The Rural Chinese.* The Free Press/Macmillan, $17.95.*



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afloat for more than half a century, before a determined Australian scholar, Derek Freeman, shook the American anthropological establishment by declaring the queen to be naked. The powerful *Zeitgeist* that Mead's Samoan myth fed was, in Freeman's view, the acceptance of cultural relativism, the wish to believe that "human cultures are not open to any kind of critical evaluation," and more popularly the credo that "if it feels good, do it." Had the errors of Mead's work not been discovered in the field earlier? Yes, they had, but fear of paying a professional price for bucking the trend reportedly played a role in preventing exposure. Another more insidious reason for Mead's immunity, however, has been a "relaxed" attitude among the Intellectual Elite generally toward plain accuracy of fact, truth without quotation marks. For if, as *Science* states, the Margaret Mead controversy may strengthen the hand of those who call for more rigorous data-checking, there are still others who are quite untroubled by such "detail," for instance the scholar who reacted to Freeman's devastating book with the words, "What he says in it is probably true, but so what? It certainly doesn't change my impression of Margaret as a real heroine and a great figure."

If we dwell on these scandalous developments in the two major disciplines within which the Mosher drama now unfolds, it is not in order to diminish by placing in "larger perspective" any wrongdoing on his part—if, indeed, a wrong has been done. It is rather to provide a proper measure for Stanford's action against Mosher. Since Mosher's research results are not in question, not fraudulent in any way—a refreshing accomplishment in itself—then surely only hard evidence of some grave personal crime could justify the extreme penalty of destroying a gifted young scholar's career. Is there such evidence?

According to all accessible information, the charges of misconduct against Mosher are based almost exclusively on two sources—the denunciations of an ex-wife who had threatened to "ruin" Mosher when he asked for a divorce and the complaints of Peking officials, which became ever more elaborate with time. It would be a toss-up as to which of these sources was the more biased. The charges range from the attempted smuggling of precious coins and bestowing of lavish gifts on his research subjects to spying activities —all denied as false or distorted by Mosher, who contends that his expulsion was rather precipitated by departmental anger over publication of his article in Taiwan and under pressure by the Chinese authorities, who threatened to cancel the social science exchange program if he were not summarily dealt with.

One looked forward with considerable curiosity, therefore, to the findings of a "blue ribbon panel" of three "nationally prominent scholars" appointed by Stanford University to investigate the case. In July of last year, the panel upheld the decision against Mosher, but for reasons that, far from dispelling all doubt, actually heightened it. These reasons were "deliberate disregard for the law of the host country and the instructions of its officials" and a "lack of candor" in dealing with his professors and the investigative committee. The reference to lack of candor is too vague to be illuminating, but what appears to be the primary reason for the panel's decision—the flouting of Chinese law—suggests more about the panel members' innocence than about Mosher's sins.

Apparently, these good scholars have lost sight of the fact that the host country, in this case, is not, say, England, but the People's Republic of China, where the "socialist legal system," to the extent that it exists, is ambiguous and unstable even by Soviet standards and operates *ad hoc* whenever the Party perceives a special threat to its interests. Perhaps they also do not know that it is characteristic for Party officials to attempt to discredit through personal vilification anyone posing such a threat. Indeed it is a usual propaganda tactic to list even disembodied "bourgeois ideas" (e.g., freedom or democracy) in close association with venality and common criminality, very much like placing fragrant food invariably next to rotting garbage.

Once it came out that Steven Mosher was not a researcher of the predictable "sympathetic" variety—the sort who have the tact to restrict or censor themselves in deference to official sensitivities—but rather an independent-minded scholar with considerable initiative besides, it was inevitable for the authorities to become alarmed, for the last thing that Peking wishes to permit is *real* empirical research in the villages of China. To put the picture right side up: It is impossible to conduct social science research in China according to Western standards without "breaking the law." What then is one to make of the panel's decision? And again, in this context, we raise the question: Is the validity of Mosher's research findings irrelevant?

Broken Earth presents the first installment of these findings and a chance to assess the scholar through his work. In view of the controversy, it was only human of us as reviewers to approach the book more coldly and warily than would seem necessary. All the less prepared were we for our first, strong impression, which, aside from the excellence and freshness of the writing, was that of forthrightness—a blunt honesty, completely at odds with the image of personal deviousness projected by Mosher's Stanford accusers. Our second major impression, upon completion of the book, is offered against the background of our own twenty-year research preoccupation with the peasantry and rural life in China: With the exception of a few sweeping generalizations about Chinese traditional culture in the past, the book rings completely true. The peasants described in *Broken Earth* seem indistinguishable from those we once knew and whose stories enrich our research files—those "unrepresentative" refugees from various Chinese provinces who once sat patiently through long interviews in Hong Kong and Taipei hotel rooms explaining the harsh realities of their lives back home, at the very time that the myth of Maoist agricultural successes became triumphant in the West. Confirmation of truth sometimes comes in a small, plain way, like a nod in recognition of the utterly familiar. A Chinese who read *Broken Earth* remarked, "There is nothing in it that one didn't already know." Our peasant-informants would have said the same. But it is namely all these things in the book taken for granted by native Chinese that most Westerners still do not know.

Steven Mosher's experience as an anthropologist in the People's Republic was rare in several respects. His extraordinary command of the Cantonese dialect gave him entree in the southern province of Guangdong, where Mandarin, the standard spoken language studied by most specialists, is a foreign tongue associated with the alien North—which to a Cantonese means all the rest of China north of Guangdong. In addition, he went to China during an interim of "thaw" in 1979-80, after the Maoist terror was broken and just before a new tightening of social controls began. It is doubtful that another foreigner will soon again have his opportunity to penetrate the rural scene. But, most important, he was able to spend a good year in the field, time enough for the essential cultural "immersion" to take place and, as Mosher himself discovered toward the end of his stay, to see through his own preconceptions and begin at last to ask the "right questions." Many graduate students who went off in recent years to interview Chinese refugees in Hong Kong, armed in advance with hypotheses and fixed questionnaires, never realized that part of the research process was precisely to learn what questions to ask, or that the greater threat of bias came not from their respondents but from their own unexamined assumptions about "scientific" procedure.

The last Western anthropologist to visit China whose work receives respectful mention in scholarly footnotes spent only *five days* in a Jiangsu Province village, which did not prevent him, however, from producing a monograph replete with charts and other impressively systematized data, borrowing heavily from a much earlier report of the same village. It was just this sort of "anthropological exotica" that Mosher decided to put aside for a while as he sifted through the mass of notes he had accumulated by the end of his field work—"well over 100 notebooks in all"—and "discovered that they contained another story as well . . . a tale of what it is like to live

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in today's China, told by the rural Chinese themselves."

Mosher does indeed tell what it is like, in masterful fashion, and it may well be this "tale" that conveys the central message while the statistical analyses and other forms of "data processing" often required for legitimacy in the social sciences may have at most supplementary value. He writes especially well about the peasant, managing an observer's distance and a human closeness at the same time. Here is a foreigner who understands what it is to live in the Chinese peasant's shoes, or rather plastic sandals—and that understanding alone, without a trace of sentimentality, is moving. His narration of one day in the life of a young matron, Gin Sau, tells more about the "quality of life" and the status of women in a Chinese village than many a pretentious academic article, not to speak of the quaintly fake accounts of sundry naive and not-so-naive see-gooders.

Anyone who wants to know where the peasant stands in the "new" society should accompany Mosher on his visit to a rural teahouse of the drab "new proletarian style," which turned out to be "not one teahouse, but two: a lower teahouse on the first two floors for peasants, and an upper teahouse on the top floor for local officials." On the one occasion that he attempted to eat in the lower teahouse he was "literally pushed upstairs by a matronly attendant, who told me in a booming voice, which could be clearly heard despite the din of conversation and scraping chairs, that 'you don't want to eat down here. It's unsanitary and the food is no good.' I meekly followed her upstairs, but not before I checked out the impact of her message on its unintended audience. The peasants unconcernedly continued eating and chatting after an announcement that would have had most Americans bolting from the teahouse."

On the top floor he discovered a different atmosphere and a far better stocked restaurant which, while "decidedly greasy spoon" by American standards, was "a world away from the crowded dirty pandemonium below." On the two occasions that Mosher invited peasant friends to lunch in the upper teahouse—this was not forbidden but just not done—"their presence occasioned amused stares from the cadres at adjoining tables, as well as evident disdain from the waitress. With the heightened class consciousness of those who serve the powerful, she treated me with extra solicitousness while completely ignoring my companions. My indignation at all this was not shared by my friends, one of whom shrugged, with an Uncle Tom-like acceptance of their lot, 'We peasants don't know how to eat in a place like this.'"

It is impossible to conduct social science research in China according to Western standards without "breaking the law."

Unlike some essentially journalistic narratives, *Broken Earth* never flattens into a string of anecdotes or random shallow impressions. A multilayered understanding characterizes even brief treatment of many phenomena in the not-so-tranquil Guangdong countryside. Mosher can compress a great deal in one good, accurate line—for example, when he describes the fate of the former Red Guards who were rusticated to the villages: "If the first act of the Cultural Revolution had been a vivid, exciting drama of Reds and revolution, the second was a dark still life of young urbanites frozen as peasants." Similarly, after an encounter with a strange hermit, a self-exiled urban doctor who had been a prime target for persecution during the Cultural Revolution and suffered incurable psychic wounds, he sums up: What kept such wounds "from healing properly was not just a suppurating bitterness towards the past but the unnerving uncertainty of the future. Burned out in the past [those who are traumatized] are kept in that wasted state by the endless cycle of campaigns, which continuously provoke them into a paralyzing insecurity."

His discussion of the mix of traditional and Communist sexual mores in the village captures its paradoxical aspects—the outward primness and "private naturalness," the "public repression" and "covert expression . . . sometimes in unwholesome ways," and the occasional burst of savage village cruelty toward a sexual offender. His exploring in this case, however, lacks psychological depth, and in his broader generalizations about the predominantly practical attitudes toward love and marriage, Mosher appears to have missed a definite leaning toward romantic love in many young Chinese, possibly because this trend is least discernible on the rural scene. He penetrates more deeply the psychology of the local cadres, the nature of their control over people and the ways in which these crude petty officials manipulate the entire system to ensure their own survival. In China, as in the USSR, it is not the meek but the mediocre who inherit the earth.

Mosher's revelations of scenes in a forced-abortion clinic for village women have already received wide publicity, mainly for their sensational effect. No mention has yet been made, however, of his sensitive rendering of these scenes. Whatever one's views on abortion or birth control, as one follows Mosher through the clinic and finally reaches the operating table where a woman with exposed, swollen belly is being readied for surgery—her fetus having already been put to death by what the peasant women all called, accurately enough, a "poison shot"—it is impossible not to feel that one is witnessing an act of ultimate human violation, akin to rape and the experiments of the Nazi doctors.

Toward the end of his stay in China, Mosher began for the first time to examine critically a premise that he had arrived with and continued to take for granted, "even as the grim and barren landscape of real life was coming into view all around." This premise, which will come as news to no one, was essentially that, whatever else one might say, the peasantry, or almost 80 percent of China's population, lived better after the revolution than before. Mosher refers to the premise that had so long held him "captive" as "the paramount myth of the Chinese Revolution."

Undoubtedly, this before-and-after dichotomy of old Soviet vintage got a fresh start in Chinese Communist propaganda, which, as Mosher writes, depicted "the establishment of the [People's Republic] as marking a kind of Manichean divide between the forces of light and darkness, good and evil. While before the revolution peasants were told how much better off they would be after they were 'liberated,' they were now told how much worse off they had been before. These efforts, I was to find out, had not convinced the peasants so much as they had made them very cautious about voicing views at odds with the official line."

It should not be surprising that Mosher found many older peasants in Guangdong's fertile Pearl River Delta who looked back on the twenties and thirties, before the Japanese invasion, as a "golden age," although it is not really accurate to attribute that prosperity to the "benign leadership of Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek, and the Kuomintang." Southern China during most of those years was under the *de facto* control of about half a dozen warlords, who were, however, at times benign and even paternalistic. The import of what Mosher learned from interviewing more than 100 villagers during the final weeks of his stay is therefore all the more thought-provoking—namely that these peasants were better nourished and clothed about half a century ago under a few opportunistic warlords than after three decades under Communist rule. We may add that the bad times many peasants throughout China today fearfully recall are not the days before the Communist takeover in 1949, but the famine years of 1960-62 following Mao's Great Leap Forward.

What is surprising about the premise challenged by Mosher is the manner of its acceptance by many Western scholars. Anyone who seeks to disprove it can never be "scientifically" definitive enough, whereas the premise itself has not been proved by any similar standards and indeed may be unprovable. Can one compare open situations, freely and intimately observed, with closed or restricted ones, often deliberately contrived to deceive? With the passage of decades, moreover, such comparisons, which remain artificially static outside the flow of history, become increasingly absurd. Why not speculate, instead, and with greater cause, whether China might not have been far better off in every respect today if the bad old regime had been permitted to evolve in its own way, buffeted and pressured by internal and external agents of change?

Steven Mosher's challenge of a "received truth," currently still part of academic folklore, must be counted as another mark of honesty and courage. What will be his reward? □

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Ernest van den Haag

THE ORIGINS OF SOCIALISM

Games Utopians play.

In 1516, Sir Thomas More published his vision of a perfect society, calling it *Utopia,* which means almost literally, "nowhere." He named, but did not father, the literary genre: Paradigms of a perfect social order have been with us since time immemorial; their origin lies shrouded in the mists of history.*

Perhaps Plato inspired Sir Thomas, who does refer to him. However, actual Utopian movements—of which there were many before and after Sir Thomas wrote—were prompted, and still are, by the Biblical image of prelapsarian bliss, the Garden of Eden, itself a marvelous re-creation of still more venerable and quite universal myths.† The reign of Saturn described in the wistful lines of Greek and Latin poets, such as Ovid, seems akin to the Paradise of Genesis; but it was irretrievably in the past. With few exceptions, the ancients did not believe in salvation: History was regarded as an irreversible process of degeneration (as in the Platonic view), or, at best, repetition. The idea that the Paradise lost would be regained mainly grew from the Judaic roots of the Christian tradition to become the source of Utopian ideas—from Rousseau to Marx—and of Utopian movements from Tanhelm to Lenin.

Influenced as they are by Rousseau and Marx, our contemporary Utopian movements are truculently secular and "scientific," whereas in the past, religious inspiration usually was professed. People fasten their hopes more easily to science now than to religion; we are to be saved by or within history, in this world not in the next, by our own efforts, without supernatural grace. Yet, although its religious source has been repudiated, the eschatological core of salvationism has changed but little. In place of revelation "science" now holds out to us the "inevitable" redemption of "the promise of history" which is to replace that of eternity. But, however secularized, salvationism because of its very nature cannot become truly secular; nor can the ideas fathered by salvationist wishes and used to rationalize them be truly rational.‡ Hence, the elaborate theories which disclose how redemption through historical development can, will, or must happen in the end turn out to be camouflaged kerygmatic effusions. To disguise messianic prophecies as the historical predictions these "theories" are is to vest them with scientific status. Yet, objective disconfirmations of the "scientific" predictions are disregarded by the faithful; or else refuting data are met with reformulations denying their relevance—until the "Scientific Predictions," "Laws," "Trends," etc. are no more testable than the overtly religious prophecies they were to replace. To the religious, redemption was assured by revelation; to the secular, it is assured by definition. This assurance is no stronger and demands no less faith than that of religion. But pseudo-science at present produces credulity more easily than religion. Actual science does not regard definitions as evidence, nor depend on faith.

Medieval Utopians often relied on the promise—found most explicitly in Revelation XX, 4-6—that the Messiah, upon His second coming, would resurrect those who had faithfully suffered and worked for Him. They would get a preview of things to come, for he would rule them on earth for a thousand years—to the day of judgment, when the rest of humanity too would be resurrected. Hence, those Christians who, impatient for the redemption of the divine promise, were not above hurrying salvation along, were called Millenarians by readers of the Vulgate, and chiliasts by readers of the Greek gospels. I shall use the word broadly to refer to all redemptionist Utopias. Millenarians always were Enthusiasts as well (from *en theos);* they thought God had revealed to them—but not to the degenerate official authorities—how to prepare for the imminent Millenium and be saved; and usually they were Antinomians: The return of the Messiah required that they overthrow the existing social order. People unwilling to relinquish their mundane advantages, or unconvinced of the divine authority of the Millenarian prophets, were slain without hesitation: Their mission exempted Millenarian leaders from the mores and moralities of ordinary times and men; indeed, the Millenium, just as "the revolution," required human sacrifices to become credible.

Early Christians thought salvation so imminent that theologians had a hard job pushing redemption of the promise beyond this temporal world. They succeeded with the faithful as a whole. But in times of stress, Millenarian movements always sprung up to expect immediate salvation and, in preparation, to rebel against the ecclesiastic and temporal authorities who, by their sinful conduct and by their lack of faith, were believed to retard salvation. The movements either were defeated, or, their hopes disappointed, disappeared. Occasionally, they continued by postponing the fulfillment of the messianic hope indefinitely, though still depicting it as imminent.

The expectation of salvation by a Messiah is only one of many forms Utopian thinking and wishing has taken. Though it may be rationalized in different ways, responding to the specific discontents and deprivations of each historical period, Millenarianism rests on the most pro-

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*Origins usually do. However, models of perfectly wretched societies, such as Orwell's *1984,* sarcastically extrapolated from the present, or from disapproved and caricatured tendencies seen therein, have not notably preceded Dean Swift (although latitudinarians may derive a thin and blurred line of negative Utopias from Aristophanes). Even now—after such knowledge—people seldom, if ever, are willing to acknowledge that history does not guarantee a happy ending somehow.

†The pre-Christian Judaic movements—from which Christianity grew—had no direct influence on later Utopianism.

‡I shall not be concerned here with the more moderate version of the salvationist idea (meliorism) which grants not the certainty but the possibility of progress and seeks improvement rather than perfection. Although still Utopian in inspiration, meliorism has played a less disastrous historical role than full-fledged salvationism; often it has been beneficial. Like wine, it can be inspiring—but too much too often makes one an alcoholic.

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found common aspirations and fears of humanity—on the paradise we actually lost: on a dim, and largely unconscious memory of our own prehistory.

In our religious tradition, the human predicament and the need for salvation from it both derive from Adam's fall—that *felix culpa* about which we have always been ambivalent. In the words John Milton heard from Adam's lips:

> Full of doubt I stand
> Whether I should repent men now of sin
> By me done or occasioned, or rejoice
> Much more, that much more good
> thereof shall spring . . .

We have always looked with longing to the Paradise lost, and with dread, doubt, yet also pride on what this loss made possible: the human career on earth—history.

How were we locked out of the Garden of Eden? Genesis tells us that by eating the fruit from the forbidden tree we became "wise," we came "to know good and evil." Ontogeny repeats phylogeny. Every child is expelled in turn from the Garden of Eden—expelled by his years—to know "good and evil," to become human, if not "wise": As we grow up *nolente volente* we are seized with reason and, therefore, responsibility. To translate this into psychological language more familiar today: Each of us has to renounce the pure pleasure principle and his (polymorph perverse) innocence, to "eat bread in the sweat of his face," to acquire an Ego, to engage in object relations, to work and extract sustenance from a harsh and niggardly nature, to make peace with reality; and each of us acquires a Super Ego perpetuating the burden of original sin, of Oedipal guilt; we all rebel against the father and fall from his grace. The need for the sacrificial "son of man" *qui tollit peccata mundi* is therefore universally felt.

Freud and the writers of Genesis concur: Civilization (as well as its discontents) rests on our revolt against paternal rule. Thus our fall brought sin and guilt into the world: It made us conscious of choice, made us reponsible for discriminating between "good and evil." Sin is possible only because of that consciousness. Infants and animals do not bear responsibility. They are innocent, not by not doing or not wanting what is wrong—far from it—but by not knowing, and not being capable of knowing, that it is. But we do. Hence we are guilty.

Consciousness, finally, brought death too. To die means permanently to lose consciousness, to lose the distinctive experience one has of oneself experiencing. Certainly the individual structure of which we are conscious merely changes form, as the body does throughout our lifetime. Its materials remain: Nothing falls out of the cosmos. It is our experience of ourselves that is lost in death, the consciousness for the sake of which we were expelled from paradise. Death thus is the wages of sin, as is our fear of it.**

Among the church fathers, Saint Augustine thought the fall irreversible by human agency. Divine grace was therefore required. His doctrine was rejected by Manicheans and Pelagians. The Manicheans thought that Augustine overestimated God's strength: He needed a decisively helping human hand lest He be overwhelmed by the forces of evil. Pelagius went in the opposite direction and pushed further: He denied that all men bear Adam's sin and are thereby depraved. Without hereditary and inherent corruption, we need no divine grace and can save ourselves. In Augustine's view the Manicheans overestimated the power of evil and the Pelagians underestimated it. Both,

**To insist, as some "humanists" and eulogists do, that the individual "lives" in the memory of others, is to prove that others survive, not that he does: To live is to experience, not to be experienced.

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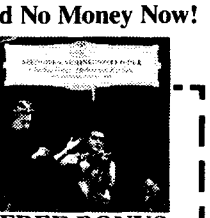

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however, relied too much on human capacity, particularly the Pelagians who thought man infinitely perfectible by his own hands. Although defeated, these heresies never died. Pelagianism was revived in eighteenth-century rationalism and ever since has prevailed in socialist thinking.

Freud, like Augustine, recognized the irreversibility of the expulsion from Eden and the ineluctability of the human predicament. We cannot go back; although the tree was forbidden, we had to eat its fruit: The Oedipus complex, its causes and effects, is the foundation of human civilization; it is what makes us human.

Unlike Augustine, Freud did not believe in any promise of supernatural salvation; and, unlike the Pelagians and, later, rationalists, Freud was too stubbornly realistic to believe in "do it yourself" salvation either—wherefore Utopians regard him as a baleful pessimist. Rationalists have always denied the endogenous and necessary nature of the fall and of the consequent "corruption" of human nature. They have always felt that Paradise can be regained cheaply—if we are but reasonable and listen to them; and they do not see that to re-enter Eden would be to give up the very gift of reason they wish to use as a key.††

Paradise so far remains as elusive as ever; but those who would lead us into it now regard it as a demonstrable possibility of human nature, a natural rather than a supernatural place. Freud is alleged to have held the key; but he failed to unlock the gate because he lacked courage and Marxist training.

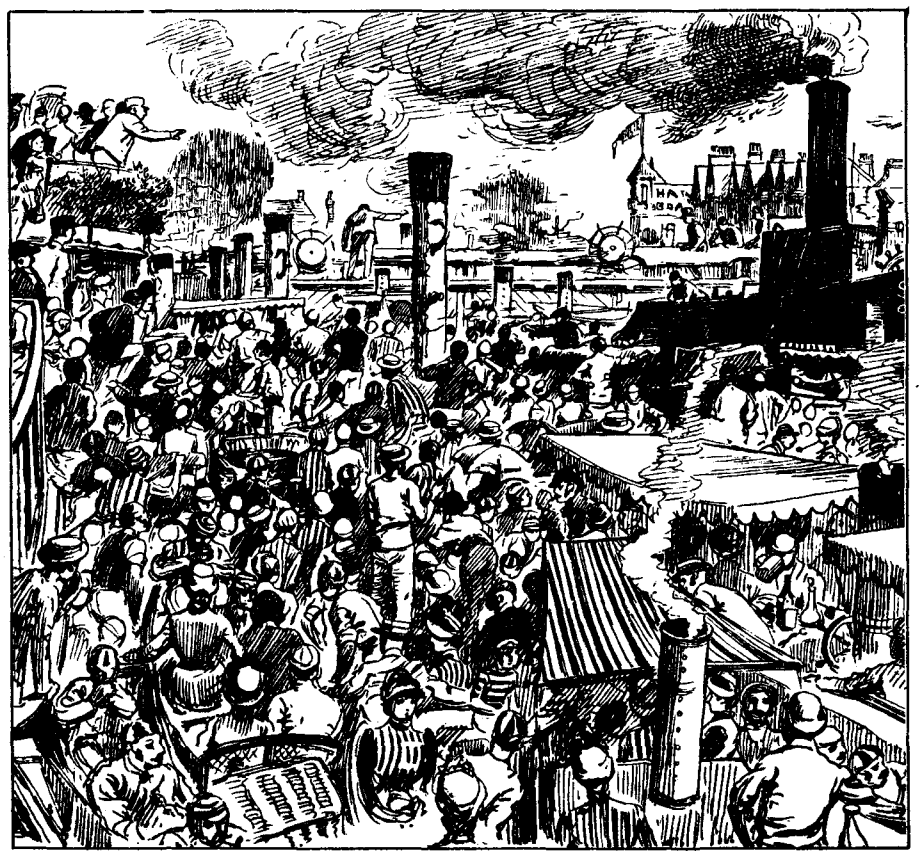
In its current form, Pelagian rationalism goes back to the platonic Socrates who equated happiness with virtue and virtue with knowledge, while vice was but ignorance. Aristotle modified this view by acknowledging *akrasia*—the weakness of the will which may let us do what we know to be wrong. Virtue thus becomes rejection of temptation. It was Christianity that recognized the positive evil in us—what Freud was to call the death instinct. It is this inherent corruption, or, if you wish, the tension of human existence, that rationalists are still busy denying: They depict evil as exogenous, social, and altogether correctible.

The idea that man is born and could remain good is as deathless as the wish from which it springs. The fact that, at most, men can become better, is hard to face. Rousseau's disastrous dictum, "Nature has made man happy and good—society corrupts him and causes his misery," seems to be the more accepted, the more observation of the unconscious, of primitives, and of infants shows it to be false. We, who have witnessed Stalin and Hitler, have survived the Second World War, and now reluctantly possess weapons which might deter but might also fight a third and cataclysmic world war—we hardly need to be told that evil has proved quite as real as Augustine and Freud thought. Whether evil be an inborn drive or an ineluctably acquired reaction, as is the Oedipus complex, matters little. The task clearly is not to speculate about a world without it, but rather to provide means to minimize it, or to channel it into the most useful or least harmful activities. It is dedication to this task that has always distinguished the realistic from the Utopian leader.

This pessimistic or, as I would prefer to call it, realistic view is not a product of recent historical and personal experience alone; nor is it, as some Utopians charge, particularly European. Unlike many of their recent eulogists, most of the Founding Fathers of this country were too shrewd to believe in man's innate goodness, or, at least, to rely on it. They did not "trust the people" as they are often accused of having done. They were not that foolish; our Constitutional checks and balances represent the institutionalization of their distrust of human beings—and how salutary have they proved to be!

The Founding Fathers knew that bad men are as likely to corrupt good institutions as bad institutions are to corrupt good men. This is the basis of our Constitution. Our checks and balances are not instituted because, in Lord Acton's pseudo-profound phrase, "Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Power merely makes corruption effective, as it does all our inclinations. That is why we must control it by checks and balances, why the power of any person must be restrained by that of others interested in wielding their own. Power itself is only as corrupt as we are; it is not corrupting. A leopard may dream of eating people but lack the power to do so as long as she is restrained by her cage. When the cage collapses, she has the power to eat people. It is not the power—the collapsed cage, the ability to attack without restraint—that produced the appetite; power merely makes it possible to satisfy it.‡‡ The distinction makes a difference. Those who disregard it are easily beguiled by the eschatology of modern millenarianism which depicts the powerless as *ipso facto* good and contends that the institutions which restrain human corruption and cruelty cause what they restrain. In practice this Utopian creed weakens both institutional and internalized restraints; ultimately we might find that *homo homini lupus*—that "the life of man" in the resulting approximation of the "state of nature" is just as "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short" as Thomas Hobbes thought.

Rousseau and Acton are moderate compared with Condorcet's follower, Cabanis, who summarized the creed of the Enlightenment's prophets: "*Les Méchants ne sont que des mauvais raisonneurs.*" Some form of this rationalist belief is implied in our revivalist enthusiasm for education as a panacea for all the world's ills—ills which we regard as mistakes due to ignorance, or, taking *akrasia* into account, as the effects of wrong conditioning also correctible by means of education. But, in fact, education is a neutral vehicle which can distribute and amplify evil as well as good. Hitler's Germany and Lenin's Russia were associated with education no less than democratic America; and if Communism is contained, it will be, I fear, despite, as much as because of, education.***



To be sure, Hitler and Lenin were mistaken in believing that "Nature made man happy and good," and that by changing society they could restore Paradise to him. But the intellectual mistake itself, let alone its effects, rests on more than ignorance. It rests on forces which are not responsive to educational rectification—on the corruption of human nature which these leaders so painfully demonstrated in their very denial of it. Political Utopians never explain how a society which corrupts all its members, however naturally good they be, can find people to reform it. Religious leaders, of course, have grace to explain their mission. Secular Millenarian prophets cannot offer this explanation. They have none. More than intellectual untidiness is involved. Political Utopians—for obvious reasons—are reluctant to explain that they form an elite which miraculously has transcended the corruption of the rest of us. The explanation would suggest the dictatorship of the leaders until everybody transcends corruption as much as they do—and this, usually, takes quite a while.

Rousseau's most influential, though unacknowledged, heir, Karl Marx, explained specifically how we are corrupted and made miserable by capitalist institutions. Marx completed the secularization of Utopian thinking by explaining the corrupting capitalist system as historically unavoidable, yet *ipso facto,* temporary. He was contemptuous of old-fashioned (pre- or

††Norman O. Brown is an exception among Utopians: He realizes we would have to (and is willing to) renounce reason to re-enter paradise. See his *Life Against Death* (1959).

‡‡Of course, the wish for achieving or keeping power may itself cause us to act corruptly—but not the power itself. The situation is analogous in respect to money (which is a form of power) and in respect to any object of desire.

***Unless education is defined as a process effectively leading to goodness (as seen by the proponent). But in this case it is *defined* as that which cures, i.e., is effective in the right way by *definition,* whereas it ought to be shown to be so. If we define education as the empirical process of schooling, its effects depend on the user, and its effectiveness is doubtful and unlikely to provide more than the instruction which makes actions—whether good or bad—effective.

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non-Marxist) Utopians who did not extrapolate their visions of the future from "history." Because he did, he regarded himself as the founder of *scientific* socialism. Marx also scorned old-fashioned Utopians because they offered explicitly moral justifications for their schemes whereas he predicted on "scientific" grounds what his, or rather history's, scheme was and how it would come into being. In the Hegelian manner, the future was regarded as *eo ipso* morally right: Morality is either identical with historical developments or irrelevant. Thus, after having first corrupted them, history (which takes the place of a relentless Manichean God) will save the faithful—subject to the usual Millenarian conditions: They must make sacrifices but, above all, they must believe; those who reject the revelation of history's prophet, and his marching orders, are not only damned but also doomed; and the faithful, executing history's orders, will help that doom along.

This is not the occasion for a critique of Marx's often quite instructive but mostly circular reasoning, or of his propositions which restate, disguised as empirical demonstrations of the unavoidable developments of capitalism, what is already implied in his evaluative definitions. For example, the value of output exceeds that of input; the excess is created exclusively by workers, who are exploited inasmuch as this excess ("surplus value") does not go to them. Of course, one may as well define capital as the exclusive source of excess (surplus) value; but Marx did not care to realize that workers become the exclusive creators of value only by his definition.

Economics was the redemptive science as long as material deprivation was felt most stingingly. It matters little that what was resented was not, as Marx so fervently believed, the increasing poverty of people, but the increasing distance between their economic aspiration and their economic actuality—a result not of increasing poverty but of increasing prosperity which causes aspiration to rise faster than attainment, even as both rise. Unhappiness, as William James pointed out, is a function of the distance between aspiration and attainment. So is resentment.

Utopians must find ways to blame the undesired effects of the fulfillment of our desires on evil *social* forces from which a *social* revolution could free us. Paradise must be regainable. They respect Oliver Goldsmith's

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
The part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

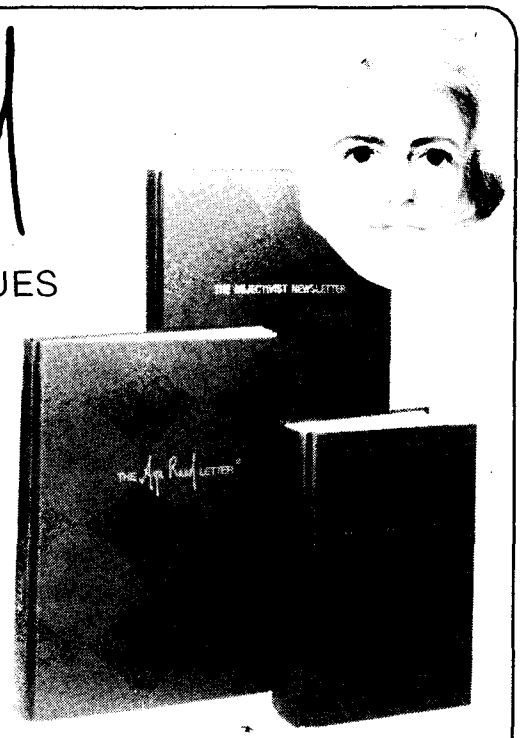
Undeniably, people do get what they wish to an increasing degree, and yet not what they want. But Utopians cannot admit that the human, not the social, condition may bar the full gratification of our deepest wants, or that people may quite spontaneously wish for the wrong things. The peasant boy in the folk tale does misuse the three wishes granted by the fairy, and is lucky if in the end he finds himself where he started. But unlike even the most malevolent fairies, Millenarians never grant this last wish. And the fable blames human frailty and not Madison Avenue. Millenarians, however, are certain that people would not wish for trivial and vulgar things which ultimately hamper their self-fulfillment and happiness, were it not that capitalism produces "for profit and not for use," and that advertising persuades us into feeling desires which we would not feel spontaneously. Thus people are wrong but they cannot be blamed. Human nature remains good. You can eat cake while insisting that you don't like it and blaming Madison Avenue for losing your figure.

Although advertising may seduce, it cannot rape. Seduction, unlike rape, is influence not coercion; seduction is but disapproved persuasion. Both parties remain responsible in seduction—unless the victims be incompetent. But if we are not competent enough to resist the blandishments of advertisers when we should, how competent can we be in choosing among candidates for Congress or the Presidency, each of whom tries to persuade us? Ought we not to abolish democracy then? Perhaps advertisers inspire new wishes. So do politicians. It is up to us to make them our own, or not to buy. Democracy, though perhaps not a good system, seems the best available because it makes sure that our leaders, if not better, are not much worse than we are. On the record, dictatorship does not. And, similarly, the right of entrepreneurs to offer and persuade makes sure that we get what we wish—though perhaps not what we need. This seems preferable to getting what planners think we need.

In a socialist system, when production is geared to a plan, there is no profit or loss determined by independently established market prices and, therefore, no guarantee that the products will be useful to anyone other than the planners. Planning (i.e., central planning—capitalism is individual planning) means to transfer sovereignty from consumers to the planners, to place the decision on what is to be produced into their hands. Planners produce what they think people ought to wish for, although they seldom tell how they know it. There is no way to make the planners responsive to consumer wishes, except by reintroducing the profit system. Production for profit, far from thwarting our wishes, makes certain that they are not disregarded by producers. In a market economy, one can produce for profit only if people have use for one's product—else one produces for loss. However, planners can disregard our wishes in favor of our (presumed) wants. The responsiveness of the market may not make people happy but at least we will suffer from our mistakes and benefit from our wisdom—instead of being frustrated by others. The fairies in the folk tale were certainly less autocratic than planners are—market fairies no doubt. □

Ayn Rand

IDEAS AND VALUES



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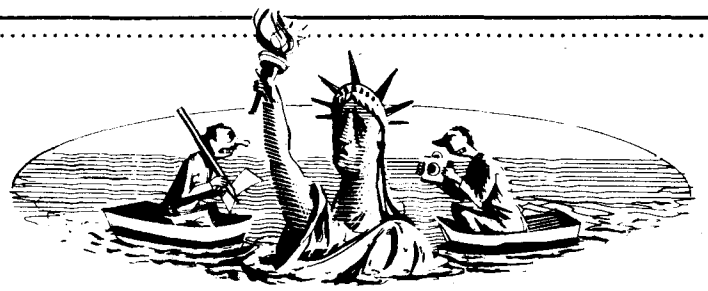

JESSE AND THE VICTORIAN GENTS

Fred Barnes

The Reverend Jesse L. Jackson was sitting amidst three dozen reporters in an elegant conference room of the Sheraton Carlton Hotel, two blocks from the White House. The event was what is known as a Sperling Breakfast, named after the man (Godfrey Sperling of the *Christian Science Monitor*) who organizes Q-and-A sessions with politicians and officials at eight a.m. several times a week. Next to the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club, a Sperling Breakfast is the most establishment—press establishment—gathering in Washington. Jackson was there for the first time (it was mid-December) and the going-over he received was neither especially rough nor particularly mild; it was normal.

The next day, Jon Margolis of the *Chicago Tribune* zinged Jackson mercilessly for his comments at the breakfast, noting that he "often displays an extraordinary ignorance of what he is talking about." Margolis said Jackson was wrong in yapping about segregated "slate-making" by Democratic officials in the South. This doesn't happen, he said. Margolis noted that Jackson was misguided in his view that blacks and women are "locked out" of the Democratic national convention. Quite the contrary is true, the reporter said. Margolis characterized the motive for Jackson's complaint that minorities will have only token power at the convention as having "less to do with discrimination than with his status as a long-shot candidate." Moreover, Margolis said Jackson was painfully off-base in saying Pentagon cost overruns amounted to $750 billion. "The whole defense budget is only $264 billion," he wrote. Finally, Margolis questioned Jackson's claim that objective polls show him with "overwhelming support" among blacks. "Most of the polls don't show that," Margolis said.

There is a point here, and it's not that Margolis, one of the best political reporters around, is carrying out a vendetta against Jackson. The point is that just because Jackson is black does not mean the press is going limp in its coverage of him. There have been some adoring stories, for sure. Dan Rather of CBS-TV went to the South a few weeks after Jackson's presidential announcement and put together a puffer that proclaimed Jackson the proper heir of the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., an assertion that many black leaders heatedly dispute. But there have been many stories about Jackson that are tough and critical. Last July, Lois Romano of the *Washington Post* raised the matter of whether Jackson had lied about his proximity to King at the time of King's assassination in Memphis in 1968 and whether he sought to exploit the shooting to get press attention. In early December, Howell Raines of the *New York Times* harpooned Jackson for hypocrisy in criticizing AFL-CIO leaders for not polling union members before endorsing former Vice President Walter F. Mondale for the Democratic presidential nomination. Jackson, Raines wrote, received the backing of the National Baptist Convention, Inc. "in a similar way," i.e., without benefit of a poll of the church group's 6.8 million members or 40,000 pastors.

If Jackson wants unswervingly favorable coverage, the last place he's going to find it is in a presidential campaign. As Tom Bethell noted in comments to the Philadelphia Society last November, presidential races bring out the non-ideological belligerence in reporters; they savage everyone, even the liberal candidates with whom most reporters might feel ideological kinship. It is certain, for example, that political reporters were not eager to clear the way for Richard Nixon's capture of the Republican presidential nomination in 1968. Yet they ran a chagrined George Romney out of the race for having said he had been "brainwashed" by American generals in Vietnam. And in 1980, the most liberal candidate for the presidency, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, received the harshest coverage. Recall for a moment all those stories about his stammering, incoherent stump speeches, and all the re-examinations of Chappaquiddick, notably Roger Mudd's on CBS. In the general election, the more conservative candidate, Ronald Reagan, was treated in friendlier fashion than was Jimmy Carter, the more liberal candidate against whom the press created the "meanness" issue.

In two areas, however, Jackson escaped negative coverage in the early weeks of his candidacy. One involves the seven other Democratic presidential candidates. Since they weren't slamming him, there were no unkind words from them to report. And sweetness and light, of course, never get much coverage. But if Jackson starts to hurt another candidate by threatening to take a crucial number of primary votes from him—Mondale is the likeliest victim—that may change. Perhaps some candidate will attack Jackson's flair for demagoguery, though I wouldn't recommend betting the mortgage money on that. Jackson has a tendency to use extravagant civil rights metaphors. In Baltimore last August, Jackson said the filing of tax liens of $260,000 against a black mayoralty candidate was "just like burning that church in Mississippi." More recently, he said the Democratic presidential contest was, before he entered, a "white primary."

The other area neglected in early reporting was finances, namely the troubles of Jackson's Operation PUSH with the government over PUSH's use of federal funds. "We have watched our colleagues scrutinize the finances of William Casey, Bert Lance, Billy Carter, Richard Allen, John Connally and on and on," said a *Wall Street Journal* editorial last November, one that a Jackson aide singled out as the most critical piece written about Jackson. "We keep wondering where the rigor of this scrutiny has gone when it comes to

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Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

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serious presidential candidates. As we watch the press make Mr. Jackson its latest pet, we keep thinking that it's one thing for black voters to crown him as their leader, and quite another if instead the crown is bestowed by a predominantly white press." Indeed, it would be objectionable if the press were doing that. It isn't. But there are gaps in the coverage of Jackson, as the *Journal* noted. Stay tuned to see if they are filled.

• • •

Edwin Meese III, the White House aide, is the latest victim of reporters performing, in Tom Wolfe's words, as "the consummate hypocritical Victorian gent." To some questions reporters demand a certain type of response, writes Wolfe in *The Right Stuff*. The reason is that "the public, the populace, the citizenry, must be provided with *the correct feelings*."

About hunger, for instance. You can't just step forward and declare, as Meese did on the record, that proof of hunger in America is nonexistent or merely anecdotal, and that some folks taking advantage of soup kitchens might not belong to the ranks of the truly needy. That does not convey the proper feelings. So Meese was pilloried, pitied, and, worst of all, slapped with back-to-back front-page stories in the *Washington Post* about his cruel attitude (the first one stretching across eight columns at the top of the page).

Now, I submit that most reporters would be willing to admit privately that what Meese said was not scandalous and might even be true. Publicly, they were bound to maintain a different posture, though, and Meese, not a rookie in the big leagues anymore, should have known that. "But he stumbled into the trap we shall see often" in 1984, said William Safire of the *New York Times* in a brilliant column. "He tried to deal with a shibboleth question without properly pronouncing the shibboleth. That happened to George Romney with his 'brainwashed' remark; it enables the political opposition to pounce, and for the excitables to report a firestorm in a teapot."

According to Safire, it isn't safe to answer honestly the question of whether a nuclear war is winnable. "The shibboleth questioner demands a 'no.' Certainly both sides in a nuclear war would suffer profoundly, but the purpose of our deterrent is to convince the other side that starting such a war would cause it to suffer more, even to 'lose.' The honest answerer is tempted to say, 'If the Russians think we would win, they won't start a war, so why should I say we wouldn't win?' But that would be impolitic, opening the politician to the firestorm of charges of warmongering, and so he shuts up and repeats piously 'all would be losers.' "

Safire offered the required answer on hunger, too, calling it the politic "unfinished business" answer: "Despite the great strides we have made in only three years, I say to you that as long as one American is hungry, then we have unfinished business in this country!" Ronald Reagan must have read Safire's column. At a press conference a few days later, he criticized press treatment of Meese, adding that "if there is one person in this country hungry, then it is one too many and we're going to do what we can." And so the shibboleth was pronounced and the Victorian gent was pacified—except at the *New York Times*. "It's gratifying to see the President pay tribute to a columnist's sagacity, but the real-life version merits no applause," huffed a *Times* editorial. Hunger lives, it asserted. As does the gent. □

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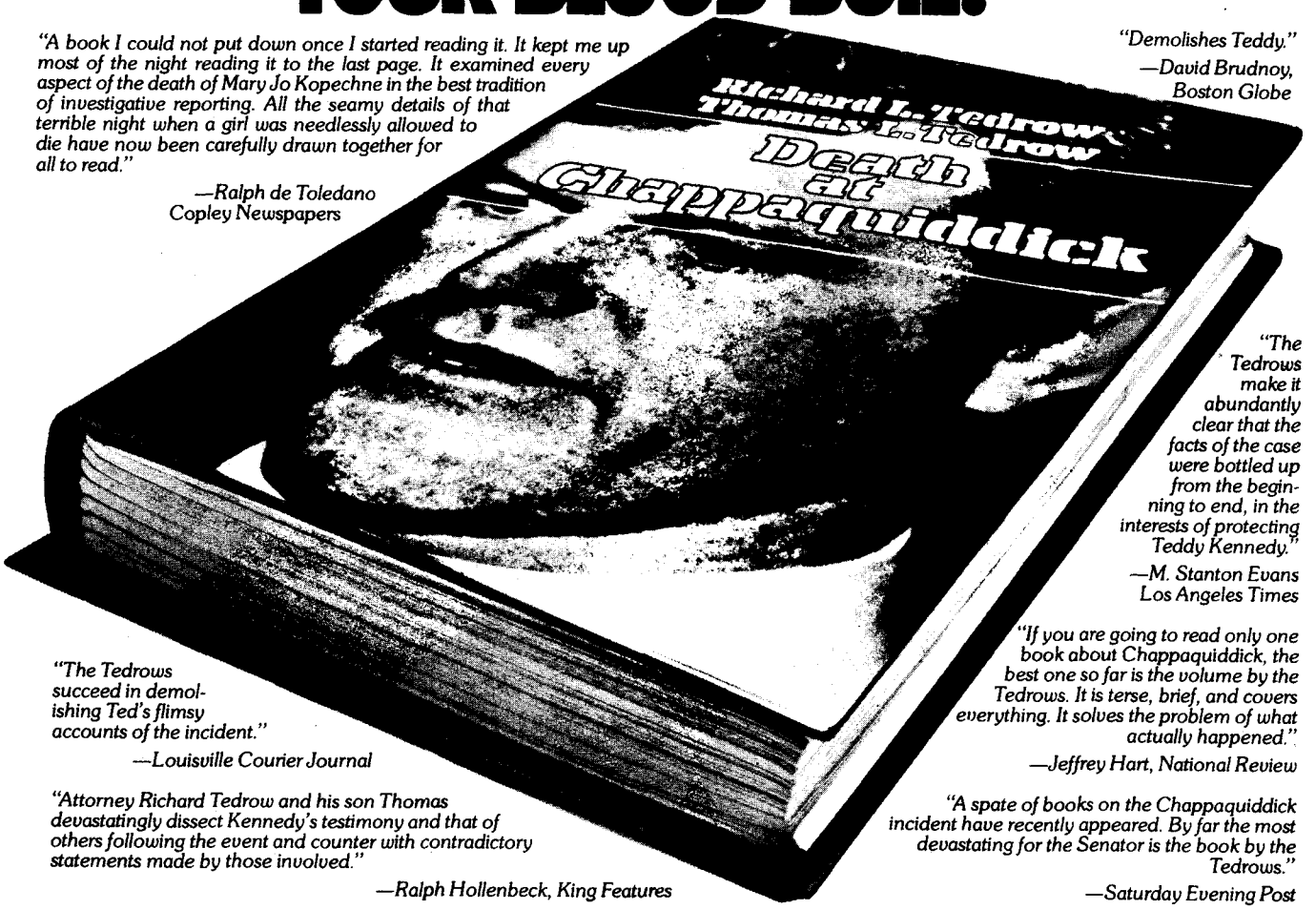

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A CAMPAIGN SURVIVAL GUIDE

Peter Hannaford

In the musical *Annie,* Daddy Warbucks hangs up the telephone after inviting FDR to dinner and bellows to his secretary, "Call Al Smith and find out what Democrats eat."

He needn't have bothered. I was in the audience and could have told him. On the presidential campaign trail at least, Democrats eat just what Republicans eat.

Contrary to established myth, presidential campaigns do not run on inspiration, lofty rhetoric, high principles, or even true grit. They run on carbohydrates. I know. I've been there. Take Ronald Reagan's 1976 and 1980 campaigns, for instance. Our traveling parties of about 125 people (candidate, staff, press, Secret Service, and 300-odd pieces of luggage and equipment) munched, gnawed, and gulped their way through carloads of cole slaw, doughnuts, sandwiches, potato chips, pretzels, soft drinks, and beer every week for months in those campaigns. Hot food was inevitably fried and cold food accompanied by that ubiquitous bread that tastes as if concocted from wallpaper paste.

If you are signing on for a 1984 presidential campaign expecting to gourmandize your way through America's regional specialities as your plane wends from primary to primary, forget it. You may get grits with your breakfast in the Carolinas and, if you are lucky, one of the candidates' New England chairmen will schedule a clambake fundraiser, but otherwise resign yourself to this cheerless fact: America on the road is America homogenized. The upside is that you will encounter no ugly surprises such as pickled ants when you ease your aching frame into your chair at the umpteenth fund-and-pep-raising lunch or dinner "banquet." The downside is that you might as well have your tastebuds declare a year's moratorium.

You say you're already steeled in the knowledge that you will eat endless plates of gray roast beef and pulpy vegetables from which all flavor has been scientifically removed? (Nancy Reagan once asked the common-sense question, "Wouldn't it be nice if they'd serve Chinese or Mexican food now and then?" but the gray roast beef continued from sea to shining sea.) Never mind the roast beef. But have you come to grips with the fact you will encounter the Great American Salad Scandal at least twice a day for all those weeks and months? In every hamlet, village, town, and city your campaign visits your salads will be served in plastic bowls made to look like wood. The bowls will be too small for cutting the lettuce and tomatoes with a knife, but just large enough for the contents to slip around and plop onto your lap when you try to cut them with a fork.

Then there's the salad dressing. It will always be called "oil and vinegar," but somehow every chef on the campaign trail will have gotten the recipe backwards. Instead of three parts oil to one part vinegar it will be the other way around. The salad greens will float in pools of vinegar, ready to sear your throat at the first bite.

Once you've prepared yourself for the food (including box lunches—always alike—that you will eat on buses, in airplanes, school gymnasiums, and bouncing automobiles), you'll be in for a few surprises when it comes to overnight accommodations. You will become an expert—if not an *aficianado*—of Ramada, Hilton, Holiday, Sheraton, Howard Johnson's, and assorted other "inns," but this time expect no uniformity. In Illinois, for example, where the winters are chilly and you would think heat conservation is a hotel priority, the Holiday Inns are frequently of an all-glass design with Florida-style balconies all the way around and no interior hallways. Going down the "hall" to the office to answer a late night phone call can be quite an adventure.

Some of these caravansaries will have too many towels; some too few. Many will seem to have bought theirs from an outfit that specializes in towels too large for face cloths and too small for bath use. You know the type. They are made from a waterproof material of emery-paper consistency. As for heat, light, and air, a Howard Johnson's frequently has console panels by the bed for easy control of these elements. A nice touch, especially since most other overnight stopping places provide nonfunctional heat switches permanently locked into positions of Too Hot or Too Cold.

Apparently, many of these hostelries were designed by people with no use for electric razors. Some of these places forgot to install outlets for them altogether. Others require stretching exercises or standing on chairs to reach the plugs. One, the Peoria Hilton, had just been remodeled. My bathroom boasted a new gilt-framed mirror. Very elegant—but it had been screwed in the wall in such a way as to half-cover the electric outlet. I concluded that morning's shave in the Lotus position on the bedroom floor, using a baseboard plug.

Occasionally, luck will be with you. One night in Kankakee, Illinois I was unaccountably assigned a room with a huge bathroom, the centerpiece of which was a purple, canopied tub with four faucets and room enough for ten guests.

Don't leave too much to luck, however. There are three basic rules for the traveling party members of a presidential campaign:

Peter Hannaford, board chairman of a public relations/public affairs firm, was on the senior staff of Ronald Reagan's 1976 and 1980 presidential campaigns and is the author of The Reagans: A Political Portrait *(Coward-McCann).*

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1. When you encounter food, eat it. Despite what you have just read about its quality, you may not get another chance that day.

2. When you see a bathroom, use it. Again, you don't know when you will see another.

3. Position yourself between the candidate and the door. If you don't, you may find yourself lingering with the revelers in, say, LaCrosse, Wisconsin, while the candidate is winging it to Wilmington, North Carolina. When campaign parties move, they move quickly.

Beyond these three iron rules, remember that your day will begin with Baggage Call (usually between five and six a.m.) and end sometime around midnight. And, except for an occasional weekend, you will almost never spend two nights in a row in the same hotel. Survival becomes an art form. Herewith, some notes from my own diaries of 1976 and '80 (not actually bound diaries, but a collection of notes on cocktail napkins, matchbooks, hotel scratch pads, and the margins of daily campaign schedules):

•Have at least one son in YMCA Indian Guides. You see, at age six they learn to make miniature arrow quivers of naugahyde to give to their fathers. At least mine did, years before, and the mini-quiver has occupied the same corner of my briefcase ever since. Originally, it held only pencils, but after a while on the campaign trail it acquired a six-inch ruler, stamps, Kindergarten scissors (for clipping newspapers), a few paper clips and rubber bands, a tiny pencil sharpener, spare ballpoint pens, three colors of felt-tipped pens, and Binaca.

•Save room in your briefcase for a collapsible umbrella, change of socks, underwear, toothbrush and tooth paste, and, for men, shaving gear, and women, basic cosmetics. This is in case the baggage truck takes the wrong turn out of Waco, Texas and ends up at the night's stop six hours late, as ours did one time. Also, when in doubt, carry your briefcase with you.

•Use luggage that can both hang and fold. Such bags survive random drops from airplane cargo bays twenty feet to the ground. My rigid-frame two-suiter did not.

•Pack in layers, a layer a day, more or less. Save room for survival food. While bumping through the snows of New Hampshire a few of us were drawing snacks from a small stock of foil-wrapped California vegetables.

•Think about Florida. Not because campaigning there is much different, but because in the early primaries, in winter, it is the logical weekend stop and *that* means fresh laundry. In our case it usually meant a hotel near the Miami airport that had tennis courts, swimming pool, and two big restaurants. One, called Sir Loin as I recall, was filled with suits of armor, serving wenches, and large, juicy steaks. The other was a Japanese inn with respectable sukiyaki and yakitori, smiling yukata-clad waitresses, and a big supply of hot sake.

When it is over, people will ask you, "Was it all worth it?" Was it worth the long hours, short sleep, early baggage calls, drafty hotel rooms, forgettable food, and rumpled clothes? Most who have experienced it will answer, "Of course," or else look at their questioners as if they were balmy.

Presidential campaign trail veterans are often asked another question, namely: "Isn't there a better way to select nominees for the Presidency?" The primary process, it is true, is repetitive, tedious, time-consuming, expensive, and tiring, but it tests the stamina and mettle of the candidate and his key workers in 30-plus states, performing a Darwinian service for the body politic on the candidate's way to landing the world's most demanding job. So, to answer the last question: "Can you name a better way?" □

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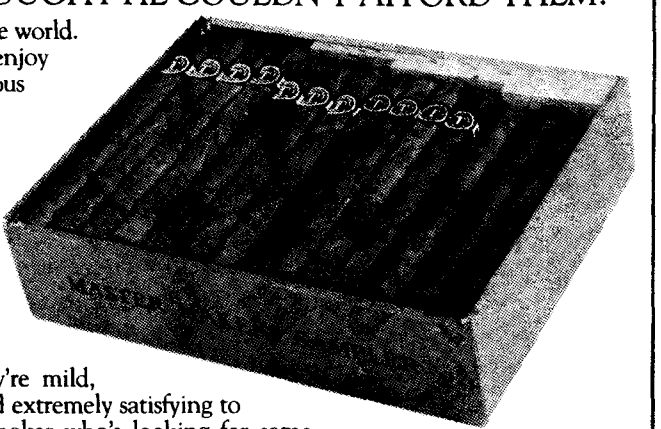

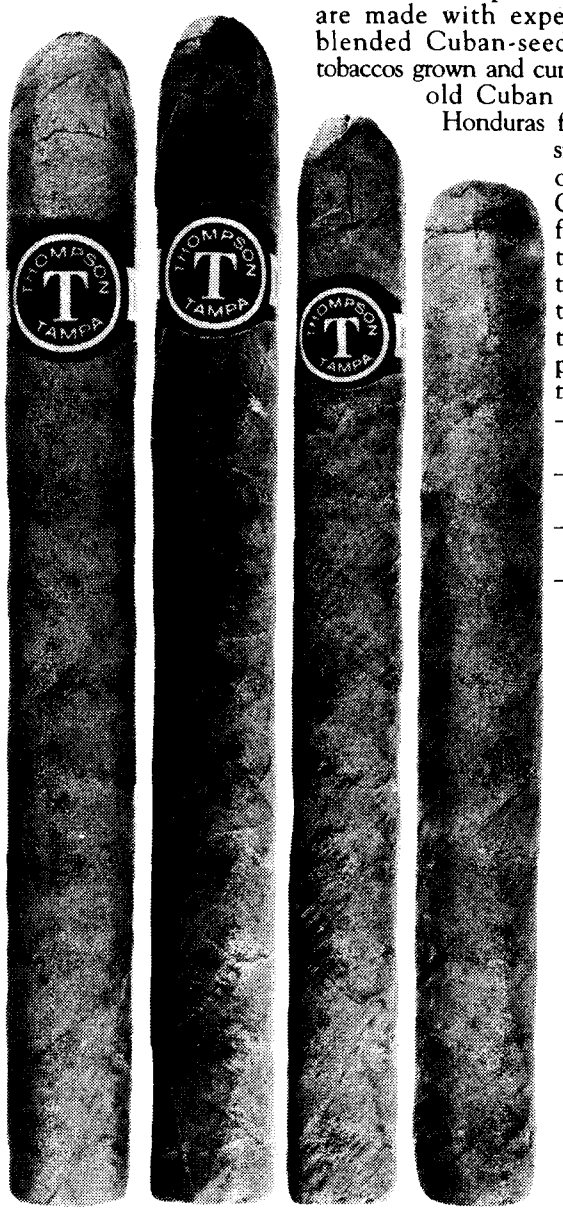

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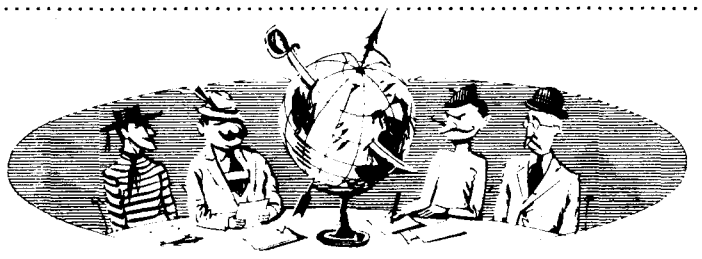

THE NEOLIB SPANISH RIGHT

Reid Buckley

The officials and functionaries of the little northwestern seaside town and their buxom, sweating, coifed, and perfumed wives were agog, ajitter, and aglow.

They peered anxiously at their timepieces, squinting, some of them, on account of the farsightedness of age, others on account of the shots of raw red wine that had helped them pass the oppressive hot hours of this unusually turbid August day when the Great Man was awaited for his inspection of the all-important tourist facilities.

His Excellency would arrive from the Basque town of Suances at eleven hundred hours in the thirty-first year of Francisco Franco, and he would depart from nearby San Vicente de la Barquera at fifteen hundred hours *on the dot*. He wanted to see everything—restaurants and hostels, kitchens and latrines, even the beaches. He would ask searching questions. He would expect brief, complete, and *satisfactory* replies. He would listen—impatiently—to petitions. He would deliver commands in machine-gun bursts of his grating Galician voice, *on* which he would expect immediate action, *to* which he demanded progress reports and final execution within thirty days. *He never forgot anything.* One was always acutely aware of his ferocious temper, and of his quickness to perceive the nub of a problem long before the long-winded explanation of it, that keen intelligence at once slicing through the bullbriars of bureaucratic obstruction to seize on—and, miracle to tell, to authorize—the remedy.

He was a whirlwind. He had been known by his fellow students as "the monster," or as the "Thompson tractor," because he won a "first" in every course he ever took. Assistant professor of sociology and political science at the University of Madrid at age 22, legal counsel for the Cortes at 23, full professor of law at 25, secretary general of the National Council on Education at 30, he was a locomotive, a veritable steamroller . . .

Reid Buckley is a novelist.

I write of Manuel Fraga Iribarne, who, today, heads the center-right-wing *Alianza Popular* (AP), the principal party in opposition to Spain's ruling socialists. By the book, Fraga should be a winner. When he was appointed Spain's Minister of Information and Tourism in 1962, he was just 39, and his was easily the second most important ministry in the government. Spain was just then emerging out of the rigidities of the early dictatorship into the contemporary world. The advent of Opus Dei technocrats in the government reversed the chauvinism and xenophobia of the regime and opened the economy to foreign investment. Then as now, prosperity depended on the world's discovery of Spain as a low-cost paradise for the vacationer. To fuel its economic expansion during the 1960s, those fat foreign reserve surpluses were essential. Fraga's job was, first, to keep the tourists coming, keep them happy, and multiply accommodations, such as the famous state-owned parador system developed by his predecessor, the Duke of Luna. Fraga imposed strictest controls on sanitation; he abolished that bane of the traveler in Europe, the gratuities and taxes that are tacked onto every check and hotel bill, and which come always as a stomach-souring surprise, establishing instead an all-inclusive price. Gouging he ruthlessly extirpated. Once, at two in the morning, I flew into Madrid from Mallorca to discover that no taxis were available except at limousine rates. A call to the Ministry of Information and Tourism next day elicited a prompt call back to say that the racket was being investigated, a follow-up note within the week thanking me for bringing it to the Ministry's attention, and a report one month later detailing corrective measures. It was wonderful. I bragged to my friends: "If you find anything amiss during your vacation here, call Information and Tourism. You'll get action." Fraga proved himself the nine years of his tenure a first-rate executive.

Second, his job was to mitigate the fascist image of Spain: to make less unpalatable to the Francophobic world a dictatorship that was in fact much less oppressive than myth has it. He did this admirably through cultural exchanges; the Spanish pavilion was the hit of the 1964 World's Fair in New York. But he was not content with a mere facial lift. He worked hard also to liberalize the regime, and among his triumphs was the "decree-law" in 1965 on the status of the press, wherein carefully circumscribed freedom of speech was guaranteed.

There had been nothing before like this in all the constitutional history of Spain. To get it past the ever-suspicious Caudillo took some doing, and it is ironic that this victory for moderation should have led to Fraga's downfall; because, instead of being grateful for the gains of the new law, the Spanish intelligentsia at once denounced its imperfections in a manifesto, causing Franco to cast a baneful eye on his young Minister, such as to say, "See what you get for catering to that *canalla*?" Eventually, Fraga was dumped (1971), and for a time he became a vocal quasi-critic of the regime. His increasing liberalism found no favor with the Spanish Left, needless to say; but among the leaders of Spain's moderate right-wing, he was the stand-out, and still is. He has no equal intellectually, and no superior in experience. He was appointed Vice President of the interim government following Franco's death. The smart money ticketed him for future glory.

But that is not to be. He and other conservatives, such as the Count of Motrico, squandered capital in

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political in-fighting, with the consequence that they were all beaten out by Adolfo Suárez's UCD, an amorphous aggregation of liberal democrats and Christian Fabians, under which Spain's tendentious Constitution—one of the most preposterous charters ever to be devised by mankind—was jerry-built. Suárez left the UCD on a tangent; lackluster, riven by schisms, the party crashed in the 1982 elections, which brought socialist Felipe González to the presidency and established Fraga's *Alianza Popular* as the non-Communist and non-fascist alternative.

Even after the municipal elections this past spring, which the socialists swept, hopes in the future of the AP under its waterwalking chief have held. The odds are that right-wing Spain will be deceived, however. It has little to do with Felipe González's telegenic youthfulness, nor even with the now 60-year-old Fraga's long, pallid, lugubrious face, his little, close-set, rust-colored eyes, or the limp fatty hand he surrenders to one's grasp, like an inert phallus. Such matters count, but they are not decisive. Nor is Fraga's association with Franco an absolute disqualification, if the popularity that was at one time enjoyed by Adolfo Suárez is any precedent. There is a deeper problem. Fraga, in his political thinking, epitomizes the ideological confusion of the Spanish Right. It is not "conservative," as we understand the term; and it is far, far from "liberal," if by that you mean classical economics. The problem is that not during the Roman conquest, not under the Moors, not since—not ever—has a democratic, genuinely capitalist, non-predatory, and non-cartellist "conservative" political movement existed here. The Right in Spain characteristically has been authoritarian, oligarchical, and, in modern times, national socialist (a disease it caught from the Left, but to which it was structurally susceptible). From a centrally directed economy of state-owned, state-managed, state-granted, and, often also, state-subsidized monopolies to a workers' socialism there is little ideological distance to travel. The Right has almost always been the Party of Privilege, and so, at bottom, is socialism. Out of this historical mold Fraga Iribarne struggles to free himself and his *Alianza Popular,* but one fears that neither intellectually nor temperamentally can he do it; the right-wing of Spain in this historical dimension cannot do it.

Fraga's ingenuous economics are illustrative. In his 1975 collection of essays, *A National Objective,* he makes the commonplace observation that in the "post-modern" era a "very profound" change has affected Western nations. "The individualist spirit," he states, "has been progressively replaced by a collectivist ethic." He continues:

> The truth is that . . . in the majority of the nations of the West, what we have is a system of *mixed economies* [this startling *aperçu* he himself italicizes], with an important public sector, and with a private sector that, as Galbraith has explained, comprehends . . . two different realities: small and medium-sized businesses, on the one hand, and, on the other, the big companies, with a capacity for planning, research, and self-financing.

If you are puzzled by this reference to John Kenneth, you have reason to be. Listen again:

> . . . since the great economic crisis of the 1930's, the State intervenes in the Economy in order to achieve full employment. Keynes understood that to avoid unemployment . . . one had to concentrate on [*tirar por*] demand. In the last 30 years there has been achieved, in fact, [thanks to] strong public spending, and a cavalier [*alegre*] budgetary and monetary policy, structural full employment . . . But, [in the process of pumping up] demand, the State has had ever to increase its intervention in the total economy, and [the cheap money policies have brought about] inflationary tendencies.

What's this? Can the Great Conservative Hope basically approve Keynesian formulas, and is he really under the illusion that the State can create employment at anything other than prohibitory cost? Fraga goes on to say that Spaniards must prepare for themselves "new reforms of economic institutions," concluding this essay on the "agony" of capitalism with a ringing call to search for "the salvation of the finest personalist values" that were *once* (as he puts it) to be found in the origins of the capitalist system, and not "cede to the temptations of the tribal values that are the backrest of collectivism." He ends on comforting words, but he plainly subscribes to the Galbraithian myth about the latterday corruptions of the free enterprise system, and a paragraph or so before protesting his distaste for collectivism he advocates "a serious income policy. . . . " He says, so as not to be misunderstood, "I mean, to control all income; prices, margins or profit, dividends, salaries, and wages."

You ask, can this paladin of the moderate right-wing be serious? Flipping along, one comes to another essay, this entitled "Commentaries on the Economic Theory of Prof. J. K. Galbraith." I quote:

> To express an identity of principle with the ideas so brilliantly expounded by Professor J. K. Galbraith does not require much time, since for many years now those ideas, born of an intelligent criticism of the "conventional economic wisdom," *have been transformed, in their turn, into the conventional economic doctrine of the 1960's.* I believe, then, that the best tribute we can pay them is to take them for granted, as accepted, in order to *gloss them along two lines. The first* is to see to what degree they correspond to the development of economic realities in our country. *The second,* is to try to see in what measure they are being confirmed by the now discernible development of the world in the [present decade]. [The emphases are Fraga's.]

And in the balance of this essay he continues his praise of what he calls the Galbraithian analysis of the economic ills of our times, which, on the whole, he finds accurate and pertinent.

How in the world can the spokesman for the opposition right-wing endorse the fastidious Fabianism of a John Kenneth Galbraith? This symptomizes the incoherence that bedevils the Spanish Right. Of course, people can grow out of their superstitions. Fraga today is not the Phalangist of yore. But when I asked him in a recent interview whether he had not

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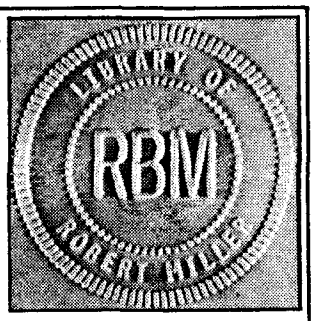

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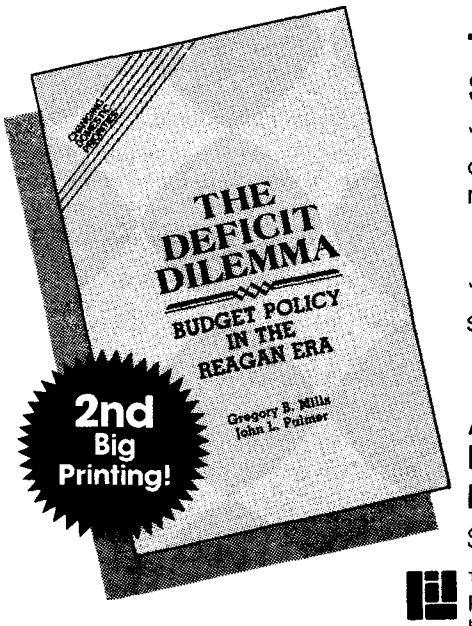

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changed his mind about Galbraith, whose standing in the United States as a serious economist is not, I observed, tremendous, Fraga became flustered and blew up. The first point here is that he can take neither criticism nor correction, a pedagogical fault. The second point is the political liability of having such a thin skin. (I am an old acquaintance: I am not the hostile Spanish Press, salivating for his blood.) The third point is that he could not bring himself to eat his words (the intellectual's pride), instead vociferating his right to an economic eclecticism. Galbraith, he insisted, had correctly analyzed the failings of capitalism in the 1960s. "I am neither a Keynesian nor a monetarist," he cried, raising his voice. "I can take from them all what is pertinent to the situation in Spain." Earlier, when I asked him what would be a principal objective of his right-wing administration to distinguish it from the incumbent socialists, he said that he would at once dismantle the excessive superstructure of the Spanish government, which is too deeply enmeshed in the private sector, and cut down its budget-busting transfer programs. When I allowed as how the Great Communicator, on the heels of one of the most unpopular Presidents in U.S. history, has been able to achieve only limited reforms along these same lines, Fraga took offense again, as though I were drawing an unfavorable comparison between his political abilities and those of Ronald Reagan. (In fact, I was: But Fraga should have the sense and maturity to acknowledge his limitations.) Toward the end of the interview, when I remarked that, apart from obvious social issues (abortion; the role of religion in public education), I was at a loss to define the political and economic philosophy of *Alianza Popular*, he bristled, declaring that anyone who encountered such difficulty was being willful, because no party had spelled out its policies in greater detail; and he proceeded to offer me two tomes of, I would judge, more than a thousand pages each.

He proffered them with evident pride of authorship, which distressed me; because I was struck forcibly yet once more by the amateurishness of this gifted man. Who is going to read a party platform that weighs four pounds! When I resolutely declined, he said, Well, take this synopsis: and I came away with *Solutions for a Decade—The White Book of Alianza Popular*.

I have bushhogged my way through its 333 pages, which maybe not ten people in the world will ever do. (To the other nine, my condolences.) And it has increased my pessimism over the future of the Spanish non-fascist Right in the elections to come and for the foreseeable future. This is a document of fantastic political ineptitude. There are sentences that run on at the mouth for as many as 264 words (I counted!). The pedantry is awful. The philosophical antecedents cited are disturbingly Jacobean. Deadeningly self-approving definitions of *Alianza Popular* litter the typescape, such as that it is "a conservative and reformist party: which wishes to conserve the traditional values in our society while [at the same time] reforming those values to the degree necessary for them to satisfy the exigencies of a societal model valid for the final years of the twentieth century." It groans with Academese: "Depending upon the analysis of the socio-economic impact—similar to that which one conducts from the environmental point of view—the effects of reconversion should be weighed *ex-ante* priorly." Throughout there is a neo-Utopian, centralist-collectivist tendency to find statist solutions for everything—I mean everything—under the sun. The state becomes involved in the production and regulation of cheese, in the control of zoonosis (for pandas?), in the creation of risk capital, in the

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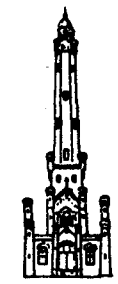

THE LEMLEY LETTER

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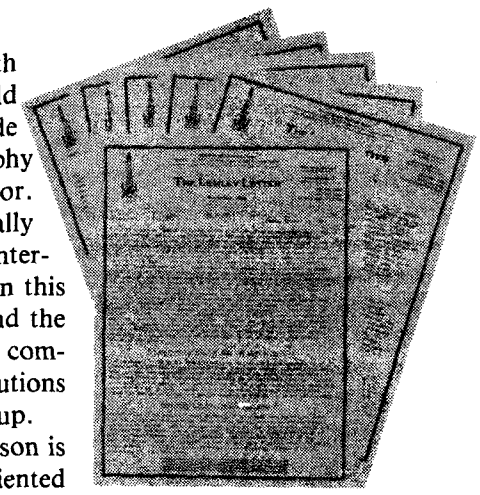

The Lemley Letter suggests long-term investments in keeping with the Buy Low-Sell High philosophy. This method of investing should work in any market for *patient investors*, who have a desire to trade in the stock market for capital gains. The Buy Low-Sell High philosophy means that you buy good quality stocks when they are out of favor.

All companies no matter how smart the people in charge eventually have problems with earnings or sales—either because of incorrect internal business decisions or because of external market forces. When this negative news hits the market place institutional selling occurs and the price of the stock drops. After a period of time those who run the company usually solve the problem, earnings start to improve, the institutions become more aggressive buyers, and the price of the stock goes up.

While the philosophy may seem simplistic it works, and the reason is that most institutional money managers are short-term result-oriented because much of the money they manage doesn't pay taxes (Pension Plans) and because they are competing against other institutions for assets to manage. Individual investors can be more long-term oriented since favorable tax treatment requires at least a one-year holding period. The adage Buy on Bad News—Sell on Good News is another way of stating this philosophy.

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feasibility studies for, and in the establishment and staffing of, new enterprises (in which the state may choose to become a financial partner), and in social and industrial research, over which,

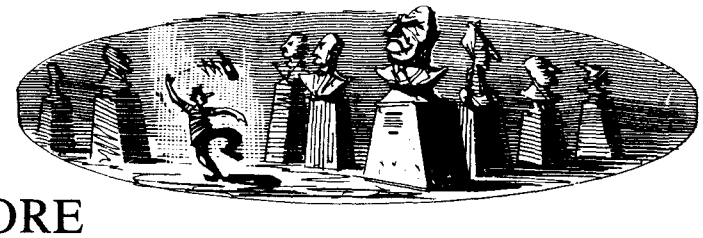
> First of all, [there must be] a superior organism on the government level, for the planification or co-ordination of scientific and technical national policy, which defines global and estimated necessities, distributes resources to different areas, co-ordinates research institutes and controls their production, promulgates the exploitations of the results of the national effort and organizes the transference of technology with other nations, especially with those of Europe and Latin America.

Oh, wow! There is here a terrible afflatus; there is a terrible hubris.

Not reading likely to appeal to Pepe the Mechanic or Paco the Clerk, moreover. As sexy propaganda for the *Alianza Popular,* its "white paper" is a flop. It staggers under the rhetoric of the pedagogue. Ideologically speaking, no more bureaucratic centralizing of the energies of the society can be imagined, and nowhere is the incompatibility of such activism by government with individual freedom recognized. Tierno Galván, the urbane Marxist mayor of Madrid, expressed to me his conviction that in Spain all political wings are compressing on a center. What he was voicing is his conviction that the Marxist prescription has won the day. Hard to deny. The matter with the AP is Fraga Iribarne, one can conclude. But Fraga is no more than a symbolization of the intellectual flaw which resides in the philosophical acceptance by the right-wing of a programmatic statist solution to all that ails mankind.

It's sad. Many fine, fine people are working their hearts out for the AP. It is the only game in town. From a reading of the party's literature, an American conservative would say that an electoral victory of *Alianza Popular* would be other than a nightmare only by comparison with a worse alternative. What is evident, however, is that under its present leader there's not a chance of this coming about. □

EMINENTOES



THE EVERLASTING BORE

Richard Brookhiser

It is rash to take a bead on Gilbert K. Chesterton. He left a body of work as vast as—well, as his body: dozens of books, most of them out of print, dozens more articles and essays, moldering unretrieved in the pages of extinct London newspapers. Not even the most washed-in-the-blood Chesterton fan can have read them all.

Not that he suffers. He had fame, honor, and love in his lifetime. He has them still, and deserves them. But it is a pity, when so many of his pages are so well done, that he should continue to be admired for what is weak and shoddy.

I have only skimmed Chesterton's politics, and the historical work he wrote to buttress it. I have always figured that, whenever I want to sample Distributism—that curious three-pronged attack on capitalism, the state, and the post-medieval world—I can get it neat in *The Servile State,* by Chesterton's friend and political mentor, Hilaire Belloc. (And when Belloc is pouring, stand back—there is not an ice cube, or a lime twist, to soften the brew.) Nor do I think it fair to cite, to Chesterton's discredit, his ambivalent reaction to Mussolini. He went to Italy only eight years into the Fascist regime. Given the current fashion for distinguishing stages in *Il Duce*'s degradation, Chesterton's puzzled first impression may not now seem so cock-eyed. Many an early pilgrim to Stalin, Mao, Castro (and Hitler) should have been as modest as Chesterton was about Benito.

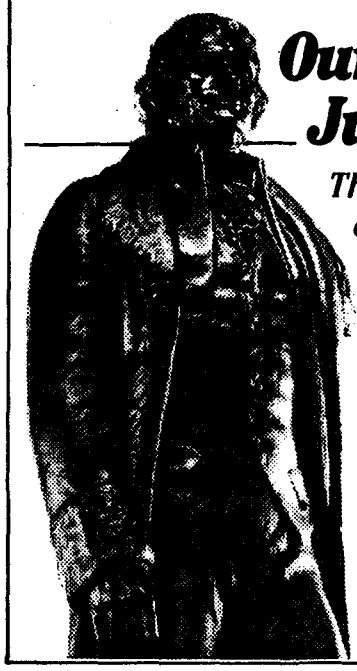
Chesterton fails worst not in these mundane affairs, but in those works he would have considered most important —his explications of Christianity and Catholicism (the two are interchangeable with him).

His most famous book along this line (or any of his many lines) is probably *The Man Who Was Thursday.* The idea is simple: The members of an anarchist conspiracy turn out, one after the other, to be detectives in disguise, while the leader, who recruited them all, turns out to be God, or someone very like Him. The purpose of the charade, the para-deity explains at the end, is to put the police in the position of rebels and criminals—to allow the defenders of order to feel "the courage of the dynamiter."

It is a provoking idea. Unfortunately the story which is meant to carry it is dreadful. *The Man Who Was Thursday* has to be one of the worst books Chesterton wrote; it is by far the worst I have read. There is not a character that comes alive, not an incident that moves, not a description that successfully describes. Chesterton emphasizes over and over the nightmarish quality of his events—a sure sign of trouble. We don't want to be told that something is a nightmare; we have to be made to believe it. Chesterton knows where he wants our emotions to go, but they don't budge an inch. He can only shout and wave at us, like a traffic cop. The problem is undoubtedly the prose. H.P. Lovecraft is more definite and direct. You could swear Chesterton had been paid by the word. And what words. They seem almost to have been chosen by lot; there is frequently no other apparent principle of selection. There were moments, the first, and only, time I read it, so vague and confusing that I literally could not figure out what was supposed to be going on.

The style of Chesterton's Christian polemics is better. A little. It is modeled on the old song about the Duke of York:

Richard Brookhiser is Senior Editor at National Review.



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The grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men.
He marched them up the hill,
And he marched them down again.

Every sentence comes bundled in a neat pair. Laboriously, the first sentence creaks up to the summit of some point; laboriously, the second clanks down the other side. Chesterton is like Mark Twain's description of an Englishman trying to tell a joke—nodding, winking, nudging in the ribs, enveloping the punch line in a cloud of self-congratulation. The punch line may be good; but even when it is tremendous, we can hear it rumbling a mile away. These labored sentences are marshaled into paragraphs even more labored than the sentences themselves. Sometimes the carefully stacked symmetries and paradoxes blaze, like a well-made fire. Mostly they collapse in cold, dismal heaps. The cumulative effect of stretches of *Orthodoxy,* and longer stretches of *The Everlasting Man,* is intensely tiring, like being force-fed unchewable candy.

The tawdry rhetoric accompanies tawdry thought. Chesterton's characteristic argument is that faith in his faith will have good consequences *a, b,* and *c*; or that it will not have bad consequences *x, y,* and *z*. Is belief in God absurd? In fact, any other belief leads to tyranny and chaos. Is the social life of Catholic countries too much run by priests? It is precisely because of priests that the stout peasants of France and Ireland are not dominated by squires or millionaires. Do Catholics drink too much? Beer is good. Catholics/Christians build better nations, sing better songs, and in every way lead happier, sturdier, and more wholesome lives. In a later generation, he might have called it The Power of Papal Thinking.

These sorts of arguments are not frivolous. People regularly ignore, or attend to, the Christian message because of incidentals and effects. But after the misapprehensions have been swept away, what do we do then?

Chesterton won't say. He is worth comparing, in this respect, with the other great popular Christian writer of the twentieth century, C. S. Lewis. In all Lewis's works, whatever the form—the tales of Narnia or *Perelandra, The Four Loves* or *The Screwtape Letters*—one insistent injunction appears: You *must choose* the Christian life. Because the God who created shrews and continents, the Periodic Table and the Magellanic Clouds, designed it for your fulfillment (and you for its); because He allowed Himself to be tortured to death so that you could have the choice; because harmonies you cannot conceive or horrors you could not bear wait upon your decision. Chesterton bellows a hundred instances in the same tone of voice. Lewis repeats, with all the modes at his command—bedtime stories, science fiction, academic essays, demonic correspondence—the same message. Chesterton addresses a classroom, or a rally. Lewis addresses you. Chesterton charts the world. Lewis grasps your lapel.

Is there a sectarian explanation of this contrast between the public and the personal—a difference of focus between Catholicism and its Protestant offspring? Chesterton might have thought so. In an essay comparing John Bunyan and William Langland, author of the medieval poem *Piers Plowman,* Chesterton decides—surprise!—that Catholics write better books, and praises Langland for all his own shortcomings. Poor Bunyan—all he managed was to deposit Christian inside the Heavenly City. But Langland gives us a fine speech on the State of England.

So what should we read Chesterton for? The first reason, it seems to me, is his knack for controversy. A real live antagonist concentrates his attention.

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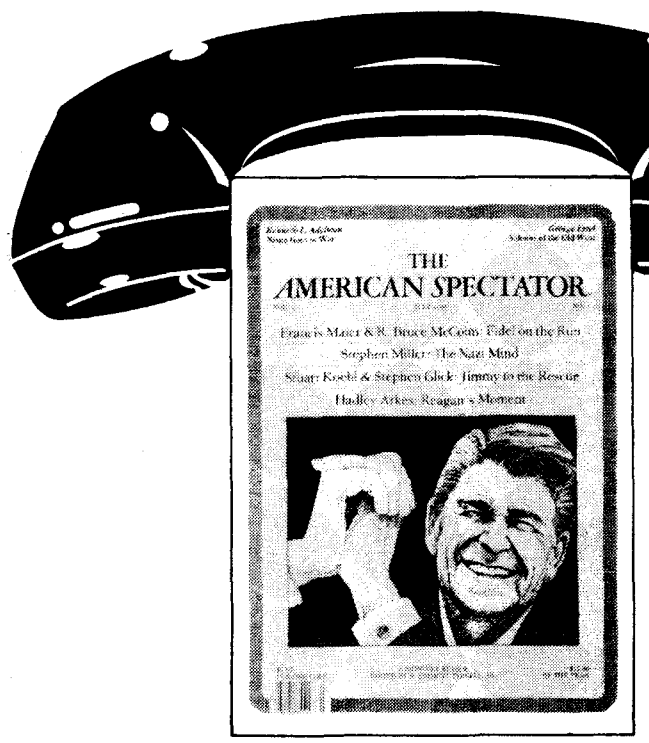

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When there is a job to be done (Chesterton was, after all, a working journalist) he settles to it.

When the target is contemptible, the results can be hilarious. F. E. Smith, the Tory politician, wandered in front of the gun sights with the suggestion that a bill to disestablish the Church of Wales "shocked the conscience" of Christian Europe. Chesterton fired off a little ode entitled "Antichrist."

Are they clinging to their crosses,
  F. E. Smith,
Where the Breton boat-fleet tosses,
  Are they, Smith?
Do they, fasting, tramping, bleeding,
  Wait the news from this our city?
Groaning "That's the Second
  Reading!"
  Hissing "There is still Committee!"
If the voice of Cecil falters,
  If McKenna's point has pith,
Do they tremble for their altars?
  Do they, Smith?

And so on, through three delicious stanzas. It's a wonder Smith didn't assume an alias.

But Chesterton's great talent in controversy is salvaging. If there is anything worthwhile in his enemies, he will distinguish it, retrieve it, burnish it lovingly. He has to be one of the fairest fighters who ever stepped in a ring. When his opposite numbers are not contemporaries, as in *Heretics,* but thinkers, or entire philosophies, of the past, the results (for instance, the sections on paganism in *The Everlasting Man*) are worth volumes of cultural history. The power of sympathy helped make him an acute literary critic as well. It may be, as W.H. Auden observed in a rather catty forward to a volume of Chestertoniana, that there were things he simply didn't notice. But whatever he read at all carefully, he read from the inside. By a happy chance, the things he liked best—Shakespeare, Dickens—are also the best things.

Chesterton's sympathy is everywhere supported by a strong, comprehensive view of the world. The only critic who surpasses, or matches, him in this is Samuel Johnson. Many pundits besides Chesterton know when an idea is internally consistent, or when iambic pentameter flows musically. Few know as well how men live, by bread, or otherwise:

The word "signal box" is unpoetical. But the thing signal-box is not unpoetical; it is a place where men, in an agony of vigilance, light blood-red and sea-green fires to keep other men from death. That is the plain, genuine description of what it is; the prose only comes in with what it is called. The word "pillar-box" is unpoetical. But the thing "pillar-box" is not unpoetical; it is the place to which friends and lovers commit their messages, conscious that when they have done so they are sacred, and not to be touched, not only by others, but even (religious touch!) by themselves. Posting a letter and getting married are among the few things left that are entirely romantic; for to be entirely romantic a thing must be irrevocable. . . . All these things were given to you poetical. It is only by a long and elaborate process of literary effort that you have made them prosaic.

This, from an essay on Rudyard Kipling. His view of the world rested on his religion. But his faith in fact finds better expression in his non-religious books. Chesterton's books on the church can descend to the chatter of an Edwardian debating society; his books on his fellow Edwardians—*Heretics,* or the appreciation of Shaw—rise to the sublime.

Occasionally Chesterton turned, not to an adversary or an artist, but to a saint. In his books on Thomas Aquinas or Francis of Assisi, the circle closes. The mental and stylistic mannerisms fall away, or lose their power to irritate. Instead of touting Christianity's effects, he shows them in the mind of one subject, and the heart of another. He reports on God.

It's good, front-page stuff. □

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BOOK REVIEWS

REVOLUTION IN TIME: CLOCKS AND THE MAKING OF THE MODERN WORLD

David S. Landes/Harvard University Press/$20.00

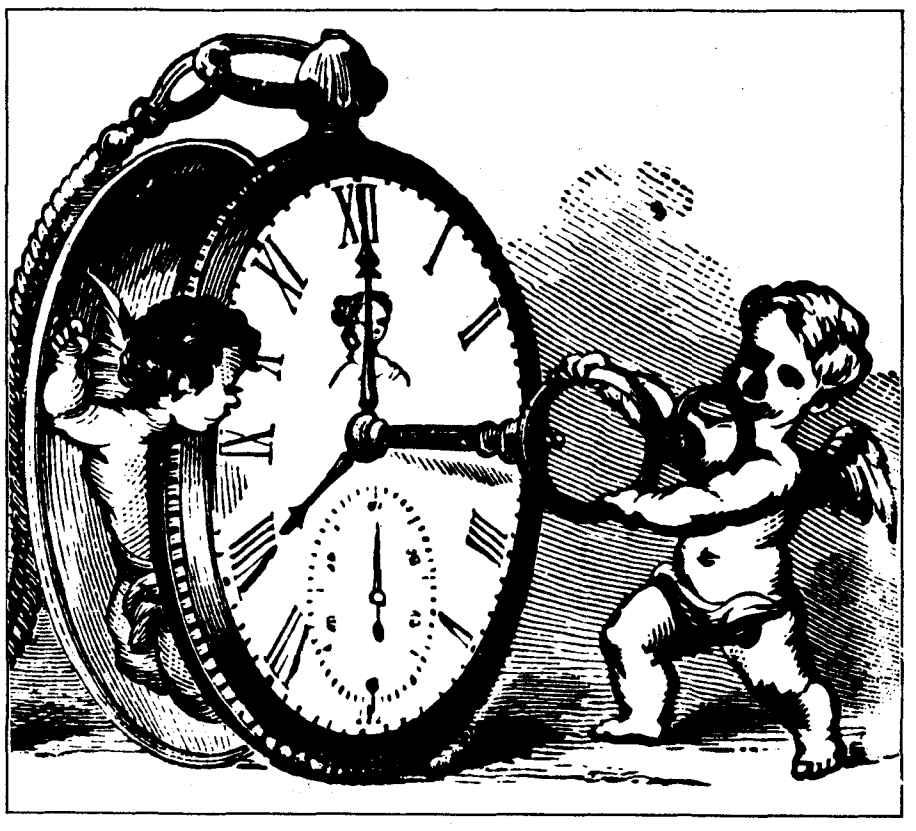
Paul Johnson

History can often be usefully illuminated by studying the development of a particular concept, in both its theoretical and practical forms. David Landes is not the first scholar to use the measurement of time as his angle of entry into world history. Not that his book attempts to deal with the whole of this enormous subject: His concern is essentially with the invention and improvement of mechanical clocks. But he necessarily touches upon much wider aspects of time-measurement which raise fundamental questions about human societies, and it is therefore a pity that his book is not better organized. He begins with a long section on the huge water-clocks, or clepsydras, which the Chinese built in the early Middle Ages for astronomical purposes. He asks why these marvels proved a dead end, from a technological viewpoint, and answers that it was a mixture of bureaucracy, state control of invention, and the lack of a commercial use for accurate chronology. Then he moves on to the use of clocks in medieval Europe.

It would have been more logical to start with the ancient Egyptians, who in their muddled pragmatic way were the real innovators in time-measurement. They developed both the clepsydra and the gnomon, or sun-clock, around the middle of the second millenium B.C., and examples of both can be seen in the British Museum. The Oriental Institute in Chicago also has part of an ebony bar which probably belonged to a machine for charting the stars and dates from not much later. Egyptian night star-clocks, examples of which were often painted onto the ceilings of tombs, became the basis of the 24-hour system, which was then calibrated on the clepsydras and gnomons. When the Greeks built Alexandria, they adopted the 24-hour system and the corresponding 365-day year, and it was the Alexandrian astronomer Sosigenes who later produced the standard "Julian" calendar for Caesar—in use, with modifications, throughout the world today.

Why did the Egyptians not push their technology further? Probably because chronometry was an arcane monopoly of the priests; it was something confined to the hieratic script and excluded from the demotic of the trading community. Yet there may be a connection between Egypt and later Western technology. Landes rightly points to the critical part played by Latin monasteries in the strict enforcement of daily time-divisions, both for prayer and work, and so in the emergence of clocks. The notion of clerical communal farms originated in Egypt, where they took the form of perpetual funerary temples, operating to precise prayer-schedules and probably work-practices too. The first Christian monks came from this region, and when the movement spread to Italy it was galvanized and regulated by the great rule of St. Benedict, the basis for all subsequent monastic routines. In contrast to monks of the Eastern Orthodox rite, who were often ideorythmic, each determining his own prayer-and-work timetable, the Benedictines were made to follow strict communal schedules both for purposes of moral discipline and to enable their farms to pay. Convinced that idleness led straight to hell, and obsessed by the need to employ time in God's service, St. Benedict was the ultimate progenitor of modern capitalism. Certainly the Benedictines were the first to develop reliable water-clocks in the West, and the Cistercians, who evolved from the Benedictine order about 1100 and rapidly became the most successful agricultural innovators in Europe, ruthlessly exploited the advantages of strict timekeeping in raising the productivity of large work forces.

Almost inevitably, then, the first true mechanical clocks, which appeared in the thirteenth century, were made for ecclesiastical foundations. Landes is a bit vague about how and when they emerged. It is true that the earliest references do not clearly differentiate between water-clocks and mechanical ones powered by weights. But the evidence seems plain that they were first installed in cathedrals, which led almost all Western technologies at this time. Cathedrals had large clerical communities organized like monks (indeed in England half the cathedrals were monasteries) and they carried out elaborate daily timetables of services. The first clocks date from the 1280s, mainly in England, and it is no accident that the earliest to survive was installed in 1386 at Salisbury, famous for the strictness and regularity of its liturgy. It is an impressive, if cumbersome, piece of work, but nothing by comparison to the spectacular device installed six years later at Wells, probably by the same bishop. The Wells clock is the most elaborate piece of machinery to come down to us from the Middle Ages and includes not only a moon-clock but a mechanical giant called Jack Blandifer who strikes the hours by drumming his wooden heels on the bells. Blandifer is much better value than the famous crowing cock at Strasbourg Cathedral, though visitors ought to know that hardly any of his mechanism consists of the original parts.



Once Landes gets past the hurdle of the first mechanical clock, his narrative becomes more satisfactory, and the rest of his book is a vivid and fascinating summary of how these clocks were progressively perfected until the quartz revolution made the notion of mechanized timekeeping obsolescent. It is no accident, of course, that this technical progress moved *pari passu* with the emergence of industrial capitalism; no accident, either, that capitalism developed first in Christian Europe. For Christianity, unlike the cyclical religions of the Orient, is a linear time religion, moving historically from Creation to Last Judgment. So of course is Judaism, but Christianity has a much more emphatic eschatology which is central to its Creed (some of the most famous Jewish formulations do not include the Messiah-coming as an essential article of faith). So for Christianity, time is of the essence: "Thou knowest not the day nor the hour . . . " Time is capital given by God to every soul, to be well spent and returned to Him with interest at the final reckoning. The urge to calculate its passing was thus a strong one among Christians, and during the later Middle Ages a large proportion of the available technical skills and resources of Christendom was devoted to improving clockwork.

The first great advance came about 1400 with the creation of a workable spring-driven mechanism, a device whose effectiveness was enormously

Paul Johnson's most recent book is Modern Times *(Harper & Row).*

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increased by the introduction of the fusee-wheel thirty years later. The effect of this was to make possible the progress from what Landes calls "time obedience," the imposition of work hours by external authority, to "time discipline," the internal ordering by individuals of their own work lives. The earliest mechanical clocks, 1280-1400, were huge affairs, suitable only for public purposes in monasteries, cathedrals, and *hôtels de ville*. The spring and the fusee made it possible to miniaturize the mechanism and so to domesticate timekeeping. Thus we get the fifteenth-century house-clock and then, around 1500, the watch. The notion of personal time-thrift, made possible by portable clocks and watches, was probably much more important as a capitalist dynamic than the Calvinist "salvation panic," first identified by Max Weber. Indeed, time-thrift antedates Calvinism by a century. I have myself cited the Merchant of Prato's business philosophy as evidence that capitalism was a product of Latin Christianity rather than Calvinism specifically; and Landes caps this with a striking quotation from Alberti (1433): "In the morning when I get up, the first thing I do is think as though to myself: what am I going to do today? So many things: I count them, think about them, and to each I assign its time." The vital thing was "to watch the time and assign things by time, to devote oneself to business and never lose an hour of time. He who knows how not to waste time can do anything; and he who knows how to make use of time will be lord of whatever he wants."

Private time, the house-clock or personal watch, was linked to the private conscience, and this no doubt helps to explain why the time-dynamic of early capitalism was more common among Protestants. Of course the first such communities were usually found in towns, especially among prosperous craftsmen, and it explains the evidence Landes cites to show that clockmakers tended to be Protestants. This was still true in late seventeenth-century France, where Louis XIV's disastrous revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 led to a mass emigration of clockmakers and so to the foundation of the Swiss watch industry. Landes, however, is too much of a Weberian for my taste. I take the view, first set out by Hugh Trevor-Roper in *Religion, the Reformation and Social Change* (1967), that the capitalist spirit was interdenominational and was strongest among emigrant communities of various types (including Catholics and Jews) forced to displace themselves by clericalism and state intolerance of all kinds. The common denominator was Erasmianism, a stress on private religion, rather than Calvinism as such.

The drive for more accurate, reliable, and cheaper timepieces came from a variety of sources. One was the growing need, from the sixteenth century on, for accurate scheduling of long-distance coach services, which also meant coordinating absolute time in different big cities and even countries. So we get the coach-watch, which developed into the traveling-clock, that marvel of eighteenth-century technology and elegance, still common today (though increasingly pricey). Again, field commanders of large armies had to devise strict timetables for moving them from A to B and deploying them in battle; and that meant officers must have reliable watches. Landes notes that among the first bulk purchasers of watches were generals, and the mass production of cheap watches really dates from the American Civil War.

The biggest spur to accuracy, however, was the universal need of navigators to determine longitude, which demanded very accurate chronometry. The principle of the pendulum, conceived by Galileo in 1637 and realized by the Dutch craftsman Christian Huygens in 1656, and the ar-

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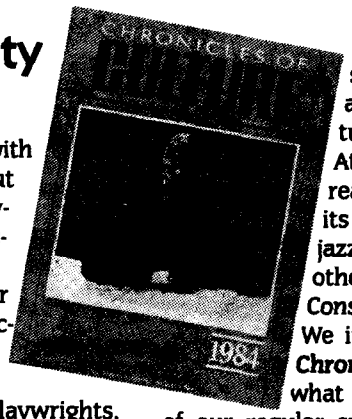

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NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

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rival of the balance- or hair-spring about 1675, did not produce the required degree of accuracy. In 1713 the British parliament passed an Act awarding the immense sum of £20,000 to anyone of whatever nationality who discovered the way to determine longitude within one degree. The problems were enormous and the prize was not won until 1761 when an autodidact from Hull, John Harrison, produced what is known as his No. 4 Marine Timekeeper, now in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. Harrison could only have succeeded in a free enterprise society, such as Britain and Holland alone possessed at that time. But the episode also testifies to the altruism of creative capitalists—so foreign to the nonsensical abstraction of Marxist analysis—since it was the leading clockmaker of the day, George Graham, who provided Harrison with the funds he needed to develop his invention, demanding neither security nor interest. Of course, without the intervention of the prize-awarding state in the first place, Harrison would have had less incentive; so all kinds of political theorists can draw comfort from the episode. But Landes points out that the bureaucrats did their best to deprive Harrison of his well-earned prize and he got it in the end only because George III, an amateur clockmaker like his contemporary Louis XVI, intervened personally: "By God, Harrison, I'll see you righted!"

Harrison was probably the greatest clock-technician of all time, because after him there was nothing but refinement. I find moving the words with which he signaled the end of his quest: "I think I may make bold to say that there is neither any other Mechanical or Mathematical thing in the World that is more beautiful or curious in texture than this my watch or Timekeeper for the Longitude . . . and I heartily thank Almighty God that I have lived so long, as in some measure to complete it!"

After the conquest of the problem of longitude, the role of clockmaking on the frontiers of science inevitably declined, though the two remained connected. The quest for perfect accuracy in timekeeping inspired new technology, especially in lubricating oils, bearings, and the use of ultra-hard materials, and in turn precision in timekeeping made new technologies possible. But the second part of Landes's book is essentially the tale of commercial economics in the large-scale production of watches. The British, supreme in all branches of the market during the eighteenth century, showed an extraordinary unwillingness to adapt to changed conditions and were not helped by government tax policy. They retreated first to the luxury end of the market (always a bad sign), then yielded all to the Swiss.

The dominance of the Swiss in the manufacture of watches has been one of the most durable achievements in industrial history. It repays study by anyone interested in what should be the correct role of government in stimulating and safeguarding a key industry while still maintaining intense competition within it. The Swiss fought off two tremendous challenges from the United States, the first in the 1870s from the famous American Watch Company of Waltham, which began the mass production of quality watches, the second in the 1960s from that once-fabulous product, Timex. They did so by the well-tried method of investigating the competition, then doing it better.

In the end, however, the Swiss like the British became a victim of their past: So miraculous was the technology of their mechanical movement that they simply would not accept it could be replaced by a totally different system. Around 1900 Pierre Curie had noticed that certain crystals, especially quartz, vibrated

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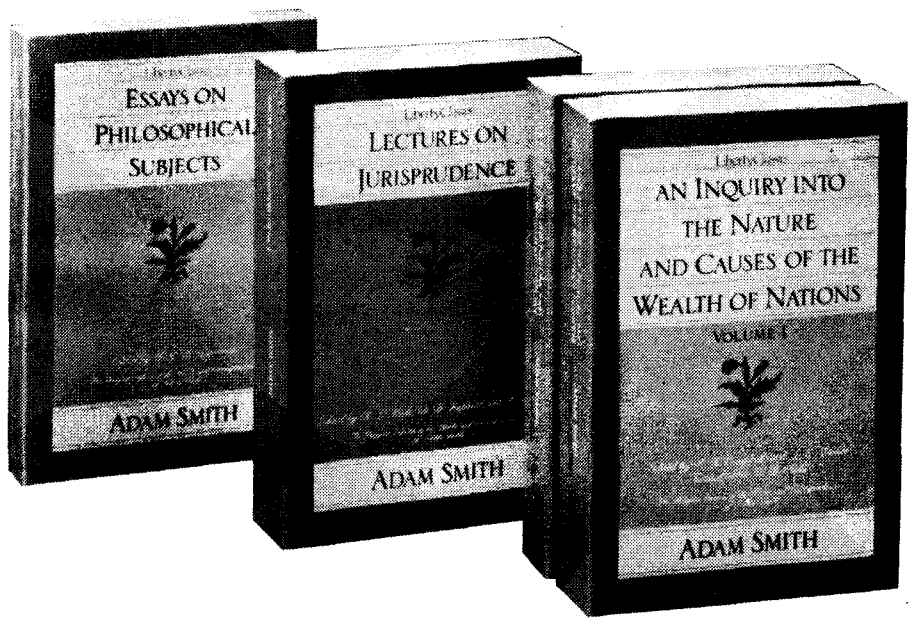

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mechanically when electric current was passed through them. The vibrations were extraordinarily rapid and could be made stable, thus (in theory) ensuring an accuracy of beat unattainable by the balance-wheel and hairspring, however refined. An American firm made the first quartz clock in 1928, and one which tracked time within two-thousandths of a second per day was installed at Greenwich as long ago as 1939. But it took thirty years to miniaturize them to watch-size, and even then (1968), the first quartz watches cost over one thousand dollars. The Swiss thought they could ignore the challenge, though at their own central research laboratory in Neuchatel in 1967 a quartz marine chronometer achieved an accuracy score of 0.0099 (0 is theoretically perfection) against a mechanical record of 2.3. As with all great new technological advances, the refinements and cost reductions, when they came at last, arrived with devastating speed, leaving the Americans and Japanese in the van, and the Swiss (like the British before them) taking refuge in the upper end of the market.

But once a technology is outmoded, "quality" offers no hiding place. Landes writes:

> Today it is possible to buy a solid-state watch for about $100 that keeps better time than the finest detent pocket chronometer, repeats the minutes, sounds the hours, gives the day and date with due attention to the varying lengths of the months (including February in leap year), measures elapsed time to the tenth, even hundredth, of a second, serves as preset timer, and offers the possibility of setting several alarms to remind the wearer of a succession of engagements. A mechanical watch with such capability would not fit in an ordinary pocket, would weigh a pound, and would cost several hundreds of thousands of dollars—if one could find the workers to make it.

The Swiss are falling back, therefore, on nonfunctional snobbery, selling the watch "that tells you something about yourself" or "the most expensive watch in the world," or encrusting timepieces in diamonds. But of course there is no long-term future in that strategy, either, as the British also discovered. As Landes says, "It is hard to love a quartz timepiece," but once a mechanical watch has lost its claim to be the most accurate way of recording time, it ceases to be a true precision instrument and becomes a mere expensive toy, a pseudo-antique. There is nothing so remorseless as advancing technology, to whose verdicts there is no appeal on grounds of sentiment, beauty, or past record.

I wish Landes had given us a final chapter discussing the future of timekeeping as the experts now see it. What is the present relationship of chronometry to astronomy, and is the ultimate timekeeper a truly scientific star-clock, thus bringing the wheel of progress full circle? But perhaps this is to be ungrateful to Landes, who has written a highly original book which, for the general reader, opens new windows into the story of human progress. □

THE CONFIDENCE GAP: BUSINESS, LABOR, AND GOVERNMENT IN THE PUBLIC MIND

Seymour Martin Lipset and William Schneider/Free Press/$19.95

A. Lawrence Chickering

At the end of the 1960s, conflict and polarization over race and the Vietnam war, among other issues, had reached the point where serious people routinely wondered whether America had become ungovernable. Then the war wound down, things started to improve, and most observers assumed the problems that seemed so extreme in the sixties were safely behind us.

At the end of the seventies, it was clear they were not. A sense of "malaise" continued to hang over American society—a malaise which President Carter, in a television address, warned was a "crisis of confidence" that took the form of "a growing disrespect for government and for churches and for schools, the news media and other institutions. . . ." The problem continues, and it reaches to the depths of the difficulties recent Presidents have had in gaining public support for their policies. For this reason, Seymour Lipset and William Schneider's *The Confidence Gap: Business, Labor, and Government in the Public Mind* presents a timely analysis, using all of the tools of social science at its best.

The book is divided into three parts. The first analyzes general patterns of confidence in institutions and reports the wealth of survey data showing that public confidence in all social institutions—including government, religion, labor unions, medicine, science, corporations, and related subcategories—began to decline in the mid-1960s and continued to decline through the seventies and even into the early eighties. The second focuses specifically on attitudes toward business, labor, and government, and the social and political bases of those attitudes. And a final part tries to analyze causes, effects, and possible solutions.

A. Lawrence Chickering is Executive Director of the Institute for Contemporary Studies.

What is most striking about the masses of data in this book is the generality of the trends. For example, Harris polls taken between 1966 and 1981 show that the percentage of people expressing "a great deal of confidence" in the leaders of the executive branch of government declined from 41 percent in February 1966 to only 24 percent in September 1981. Confidence in congressional leaders declined in the same period from 42 to 16 percent; in leaders of major companies from 55 to 16; education, 61 to 34; and organized religion, 41 to 22. The consistency of the trends is especially evident in attitudes toward institutions that might seem mutually antagonistic, such as science and religion. Yet during this period attitudes toward these two institutions tended to rise and fall together. Average confidence in all institutions studied declined from 48 percent to 23 percent.

Although the general trend was down, there were variations. Some institutions (such as business) fell further than others (medicine). And the trend was not always down: The coming of a new President (Ford in 1974, Carter in 1977, and Reagan in 1981) brought a brief recovery each time. The sharpest decline occurred between 1966 and 1971—the period of the worst political and social problems. Average confidence during this time fell from 48 percent to 28.

Confidence in the "press" also declined between 1966 and 1981, from 29 percent to 16. Not surprisingly, confidence in the press and in the executive branch showed a moderate negative correlation: When confidence in the

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executive branch was down, confidence in the press tended to rise; and vice versa. This was especially true during the Watergate period, when confidence in the executive fell from 25 percent to 16, but rose in relation to the press from 20 percent to 28.

It is curious that although the problem is posed as one of confidence in *institutions,* institutions were nevertheless, in the authors' words, "more popular than their leaders. . . . [The data revealed] more confidence in 'business' than in 'business leaders' and more confidence in 'organized labor' than in 'union leaders.'" Similarly, "medicine" got higher ratings than "doctors"; "established religion" was preferred to "ministers and other religious leaders"; and "the educational system" received higher marks than "professors." The only exceptions to this general rule were judges and pollsters—possibly, the authors surmise, because they were not identified as "leaders."

It is clear that the public continued to express strong support for America's basic institutions and values. Although consistent hostility was expressed toward corporations, especially large corporations, support for "free enterprise" and small business continued to be very strong. A 1975 Gallup poll, for example, showed a 54 percent positive rating for "free enterprise," in contrast to only 34 percent support for "big business." The authors conclude that this apparent tension implied a broad commitment to the system, but general disapproval of the competition for power and profit that is evident in business, labor, and government.

Meanwhile, declining confidence in institutions did *not* reflect reduced personal satisfaction. On the contrary, during the entire period 1966-1981, personal satisfaction remained remarkably stable and high. The contrast between attitudes toward one's own life and toward the society was made dramatically clear by a Gallup survey taken in July 1979, just before President Carter's famous "malaise" speech. Although an overwhelming majority of people expressed satisfaction at how things were going in their own lives (by a 72-23 percent margin), 84 percent of the same sample expressed negative feelings about events in the country as a whole (with only 12 percent disagreeing).

These results show almost no correlation with either education or socioeconomic status. There was no significant difference between average confidence expressed by blacks and whites, although their confidence toward specific institutions did vary substantially. Low confidence was only weakly correlated with personal ideology except at the extremes, especially on the Left.

Among the fascinating analyses provided by Lipset and Schneider is a revealing look at how differently worded questions can produce very different results. For instance, the authors explain why surveys conducted by Harris and the National Opinion Research Center (NORC) almost always show more negative sentiment than Gallup: Gallup, it turns out, allows two positive responses, Harris-NORC only one. Thus, in asking for expressions of confidence, Gallup will list four responses: "a great deal," "quite a lot," "some," and "very little"—two positive, one neutral, and one negative. Harris-NORC, on the other hand, will list only three: "a great deal," "only some," and "hardly any."

Giving people an additional opportunity to be positive will naturally increase the likelihood of a positive response—and result in wildly varying impressions of public confidence. Thus, Harris gave a 14 percent positive confidence figure for organized labor in early 1977, while Gallup gave 39 percent. At the same time, the military received 23 percent from Harris and 57 percent from Gallup; and "major companies" got 20 percent from Harris and 51 percent from Gallup. Very revealing indeed.

The middle section of the book considers more detailed, specific issues related to public attitudes toward business, labor, and government—issues such as attitudes toward specific industries (banks come out best), or regulation (people oppose more in general but want more for specific industries).

In exploring possible reasons for the decline in confidence, the authors note the importance of the country's broad political problems, especially relating to race and Vietnam, before 1971, and the country's growing economic problems since then. But their most provocative conclusion is that the mass media bear principal responsibility for the decline of public confidence in American institutions. By bombarding viewers with information that is both critical and negative, the media have altered American perceptions perhaps irreparably. Lipset and Schneider concede that the first years of the period under discussion saw a great deal of bad news to report; but they conclude, citing a study by Michael Robinson, that since then the media have demonstrated an inherent bias toward reporting "conflict and controversy." This explains why confidence did not return after the 1960s, and in fact continued to decline long after the worst political problems (race and war) had been resolved.

It is impossible to read this book without enormous admiration for the painstaking care the authors have taken in analyzing multiple surveys, comparing them, trying to explain anomalies. Still, I had the feeling that the authors were not completely sure what to do about the generality of trends. After all, if the trends are truly general and confidence would thus decline *even without a showing of any real problems* (e.g., in medicine), then what is the point of investigating all these refinements of opinion associated with individual institutions? In the end, Lipset and Schneider conclude that the generality of trends implies that business, for instance, can't do very much to improve public attitudes toward itself.

I would argue, however, that it can. The authors' data show highest distrust of a) individual leaders, rather than institutions, and b) leaders associated with *large* institutions. This is not surprising: Trust, after all, is a feeling people have toward *individuals,* rather than "institutions," and the trouble with large as opposed to small institutions is that individuals are *too remote* to generate trust.* Trust is easiest to feel for people close by. These thoughts suggest that one way large organizations, including businesses, could try to improve public confidence in them would be to increase personal contact between the public and their individual leaders—ending the vague idea that large corporate business is run by a bunch of grey, shadowy figures, who are committed to private greed over public good. Make the leaders, in other

*I have argued elsewhere that public confidence in corporations is correlated with the degree of social contact between individual industries and consumers—with retail department stores, airlines, and banks having high confidence ratings and a lot of social contact, and oil, automobile, and insurance companies all having both low confidence and little personal contact. "Warming Up the Corporate Image," *Public Opinion,* October/November 1982.

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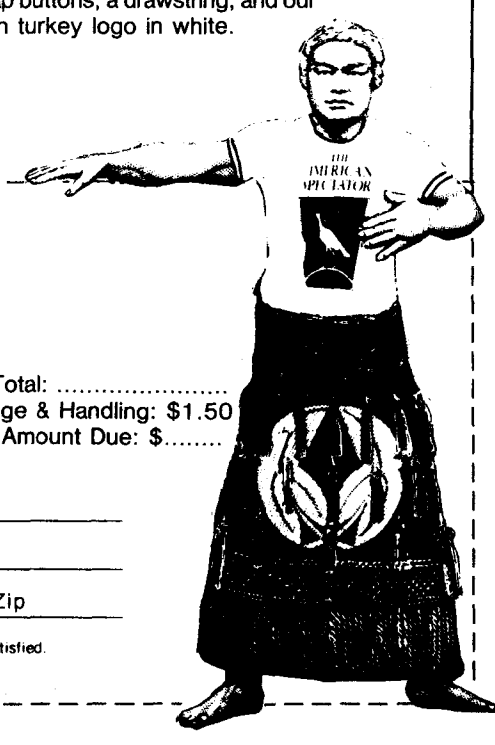

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words, less "private," and more "public."

Judging overall causes is enormously difficult. I have no doubt the authors are essentially correct about the media. However, I would mention one further cause of the decline in public confidence. I have in mind the advent of the bomb. It is not that the bomb has made us feel too threatened, as the nuclear peace groups would have it, but that it has made us feel too *safe*. By depersonalizing war, the bomb has deprived the citizen of the existential sense that he may be required to make sacrifices to fight for his country. The overwhelming belief—which may be incorrect, but is nevertheless perceived—is that the next war will be fought by technicians in underground command centers. Since fighting wars (or preparing for them) is the *only* social function the nation-state must ultimately perform, it is reasonable to suppose that confidence in the society and its institutions is in some way influenced by this essential point of existential contact between citizen and his country. If the feeling now widespread is that "America" as a community no longer matters, that sentiment may be a reflection of a nation-state no longer compelled to perform any ultimate political and social function. □

POLAND
James A. Michener/Random House/$17.95

VALEDICTORY
W.S. Kuniczak/Doubleday/$15.95

Walter D. Connor

How much is a novel "worth" as history? *Poland* has stood for some time at the top of the best-seller lists. The Michener historical novel formula—geographical part for the whole, a few families for an entire civilization, traced through the centuries—continues here. In the first chapter and last, the agriculture minister Bukowski and the peasant union organizer Buk confront each other in the heady fall days of 1981, the days of Solidarity's ascendancy amidst political dissent and an unraveling economy. Sprung from the same roots in the fictitious village of Bukowo, they are the living descendants of families through whose lives Michener traces Poland's history. Intervening chapters cover Tartar invasions, struggles with Teutonic knights, Swedes, and Turks, independence lost in the Prussian-Russian-Austrian partitions of the late 1700s and regained in 1918 for twenty years before Hitler and Stalin partition and occupy the unfortunately located nation.

Even from "Bukowo," 700 years is a lot of history. But it is selective, and one can at least quibble with times left out whose exploration through peasant Buks and petty noble Bukowskis might have better illuminated the Poland of the 1980s. The military conflicts of the early centuries were important, to be sure—but the interwar years of independence, barely touched, are history and memory to many *living* Poles. Minority problems with Ukrainians over the centuries are recognized, but where, in heaven's name, are the Jews, so intertwined in the histories of Poland and the Poles? An understanding of the system against which workers revolted would benefit from a chapter on the low points (1949-54) of Stalinism, or one of the pre-1980 high points of popular resistance to the Soviet-type regime (1956, 1970, 1976). As it is, the years between 1945 and 1980 are empty, the meaning of 1980 diminished.

One cannot ask too much. But if novels propose to depict history, one can ask that their selectivity convey relevance to the audience; here, Michener scores about B-minus. His Poles are anarchic and heroic, admirable and incomprehensible, and seemingly fated to lose, partially regain, and lose again that for which they strive. Accurate, perhaps, to a point, yet a view tilted overmuch toward internal squabbling, and especially inappropriate in the 1981 chapters, which make more of the conflict between workers and farmers than Polish workers and farmers ever did in that time of national unity. Martial law, rather than *divide et impera,* was Jaruzelski's readiest option. One will look in vain for the reasons in *Poland.*

Quite different, and altogether more revealing, are the novels of W.S. Kuniczak's trilogy, whose final volume, *Valedictory,* reached the bookstores almost simultaneously with Michener's. From the *Thousand Hour Day* (1966) through the harrowing pages of *The March* (1979), the Polish-American Kuniczak has chronicled Poland's experience from the German invasion of September 1939 to the dispersal of its defenders at the end of the European war. In each novel, the central characters are different, but several make their way through the trilogy—notably the tragic General Janusz Prus, to suicide in a London bedsitter in rejection of the fate of a refugee with no future in a Poland war has placed in, and diplomacy cannot rescue from, Soviet domination.

The Kuniczak novels are about the experience of Poles, as much as about Poland: appropriate for a people whose national anthem, dating from Napoleon's time, asserts *Jeszce Polska nie zginęła, póki my żyjemy* (Poland is not destroyed/while yet we live), and reflects a long denial of statehood to a nation. *Valedictory*'s angle of vision encompasses combat and diplomacy—the Polish squadrons flying with the RAF from English bases across the channel, the exile government in London striving to retain a weakening grip on the consciences and priorities of the Western allies against the brute fact of the Soviet march westward. Kuniczak's are novels of endings, of efforts fruitlessly but willingly spent, of desires denied. *The Thousand Hour Day* ends in late 1939 among soldiers who have crossed into then-neutral Romania, refusing to surrender either to the Nazis or Soviets, and looking for a base, political and territorial, from which to renew the fight. *The March* follows civilian Poles into the hell of Siberian deportation, soldiers into the Katyn forest massacre, and remnants of both into the long trek out of the USSR, disgorged by Stalin after Hitler's attack on Russia to fight with the Allies in the West.

Walter D. Connor is professor of political science at Boston University, and writes frequently on Communist affairs.

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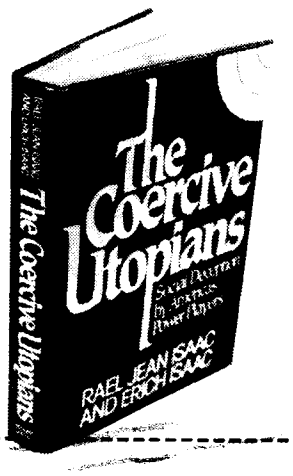

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Physical and political tragedies hover over the trilogy and its many characters largely unrelieved by what could conventionally be called "hope"—but moderated somewhat by a recurring manifestation of *will,* of refusal to play history's game. *Valedictory*'s central character, squadron leader Ludwik Toporski, muses in darkening days on his fellow Poles, "their notion of themselves as replaceable components of their country's history. . . . Whether or not they failed in their tasks, their rejection of the *penalty* of failure would nullify every victory of their enemies." Poles, indeed, have made bad victims.

But all in all, one will understand little from these books of the reasons to be optimistic about Poland. Kuniczak's endings, Michener's patternless ups and downs, leave one with a poor grip on some decisive Polish assets.

Poles have not obtained the state they wanted—that, by and large, they collectively deserve. But they have not lost everything and it is quite unlikely that they will. Poland's balance between regime and society, fakery and authenticity, has been, since at least the mid-1950s, as far from Soviet desiderata as a satellite has come. By will and defiance, Poles have secured a vital church, a private agriculture (socially important if economically troubled), a cultural style profoundly Western and openly contemptuous of their "partner" to the East. Toughness and romanticism have served Poles better, in this sense, than have pacifism and compromise their no-less-Western Czech and Slovak brothers. Speech was freer in Warsaw before, during, and after martial law than in today's Prague, or in Moscow under Khrushchev at his most liberal.

Poles live within a set of concessions, true—but they are the best sort of concessions. Long before the dissident Adam Michnik defined the "new evolutionism"—expect nothing from party "reform," but organize real social forces to press the party to yield space—Church, farmers, workers, and intellectuals were doing this in their own ways. They have extracted the concessions. This is the best guarantee that Poland will remain exceptional, even in its long crawl out of economic travail, and that the struggle to expand the scope of its authentic life will continue. In the future as the present, travelers Paris-Warsaw-Moscow may, arriving in Warsaw, think they're already in Moscow. Those who reverse this route, reaching Warsaw, can be excused for thinking they're already in Paris. Proud Varsovians may not all appreciate the implied patronization, but they will understand the travelers' confusion. And Parisians, perhaps, should feel honored. □

THE MUSLIM DISCOVERY OF EUROPE

Bernard Lewis/W.W. Norton/$19.95

Rustam

At some point, all thoughtful observers of Muslim societies confront a common question: Why do Muslim societies in the Middle East exhibit such a contradictory mixture of disdain and veneration toward the West? A nagging fear has persisted, especially in the last decade of the oil bonanza, that the social/economic developments of these Muslim nations remain only skin deep. Though the same question may be posed about other regions, the Muslim states of the Middle East, for a variety of reasons, are particularly prone to such attention.

There is, first of all, the reality that not one of these states has successfully transformed into an industrialized society. Some financially are very wealthy. A few possess sizable manufacturing industries. But none has reached a stage in economic development where a significant portion of the work force is either employed in modern industries or is capable of producing and exporting a significant share of manufactured goods and services. Egypt, with the longest introduction to industrialization, is among the poorest states of the group. Even those nations with an oil bounty have not managed to become anything more than welfare states based upon a pain-free tax revenue base.

A second reason is the religious convictions of Muslims. Rightly or wrongly, a common perception outside the Middle East is that Islam is reactionary and hence a hindrance to innovation and modernization. It is a perception that seemed to be confirmed by the Iranian Revolution. The ruling Shiite clergy has time and again demonstrated overt hostility to the basic tenets of modern Western societies.

The behavior, remarks, and actions of particular Islamic leaders have bolstered this perception. Hardly a week goes by without some Middle East leader denouncing the influences of the West. But at the same time, Western goods of virtually all categories are being imported by these countries at an unprecedented rate. When the Ayatollah Khomeini returned to Iran after 14 years of exile to wage his campaign against the Great Satan—the United States—it was in an American-made jumbo jet.

The question of progress and Islam is thus complicated and not easily answerable. But with the appearance of *The Muslim Discovery of Europe,* there is a new angle. In this scholarly and lucid study, Bernard Lewis traces the first encounters between Muslims and Europeans, beginning in the eighth century. His is a fascinating kaleidoscope of two great civilizations groping at each other, a first-rate study impressively steeped in the region's history and based on original material.

Lewis argues that the first intercourse between the two civilizations occurred when Islam was expanding and receptive, but when Western Europe still had nothing to offer. Given the Muslim belief in successive revelations, which culminated in the mission of Mohammed, Christianity was regarded as an unworthy predecessor. Hence, not only did the Muslims find little to learn from Europeans, but what did exist was "imperfect." From this was born the disdainful attitude of Muslims towards Europe, so much so that a famous letter sent by the Caliph Harun al-Rashid to the Byzantine emperor Nikephoras begins thus, "From Harun, Commander of the Faithful, to Nikephoras, dog of the Romans, greeting."

Satisfied with their own superiority, Muslim societies turned inward, and remained insulated in the following centuries thanks to the might of the Ottoman Empire. This attitude continued unabated even when the Renaissance and Reformation came to change Europe radically.

When the French Revolution marked the dawn of Europe's political evolution, Muslims shook their heads at the travails of the infidels. The Ottoman Sultan's private secretary noted in his diary: "May God cause the upheaval in France to spread like syphilis to the other enemies of the empire, hurl them into prolonged conflict with one another, and thus accomplish results beneficial to the Empire. Amen." And the faithful were told in proclamations: "The French nation (may God devastate their dwellings and abase their banners, for they are tyrannical infidels and dissident evildoers) do not believe in the oneness of the Lord . . . and have enticed into their iniquity the common people who have become as raving madmen."

At this stage, Bernard Lewis ends his volume, but it does not take much to proceed with the inherent argument. Smugness and comfort of tradition were not a long term solution, for the economic and military power European societies possessed by the eighteenth century was overwhelming. Call them infidels, if you like, but it hardly affected their armies or production. Having ignored European culture, history, and languages, Muslim societies suddenly began to send students to Europe, adopt their manners, and employ foreign military advisers. The pendulum had decisively swung.

Yet for all that, the Islamic mind-set remained unaltered, as a central contradiction remained in the Muslim understanding of the modern era. If inferior Christians were now suddenly stronger than Muslims, went one argument, then Muslims must have deviated from the righteous path, and so it was necessary to return to the good old ways. Another point of view considered European strength to consist only in the possession of certain materials, weapons, or, at best, techniques. Muslim nations had only to adopt the most visible aspects of European civilization—their military practices, industries, and know-how.

Unfortunately for Islam, Europe's rise was the result not of a lucky invention or discovery, but of scientific progress, expansion of education, growth of more representative government, trade, and, above all, social traits that allowed for the assimilation of innovations and new ideas. Return to the past could, perhaps, make one feel better, but it would hardly bring forth the necessary social dynamism to compete with European power. Nor would imitation or purchase of goods and services prove more than a temporary expedient, vulnerable to progress and development. Nevertheless, these reactions go a long way to explain the current oscillation by Muslims between disdain and veneration when it comes to Western civilization. During the last century, as the gap between Europe and Islam increased, the initial responses remained intact, and, if anything, became further polarized. Although some Muslims today argue for an even more rapid adoption of the Western ethos, a significant number hold to the idea that what is needed is even greater purity of culture and devotion to tradition. In short, coming to terms with the change in fortune which the modern era has ushered in

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remains an elusive problem for Muslim states.

This lesson was, and even today largely is, misunderstood in Middle Eastern societies. Will oil turn out to have been a mere reprieve from the predicaments of development? Do the traditions of Islam need to be modified? Are there political leaders brave enough to face the undoubted challenge of self-appraisal? These questions continue to haunt the region's inhabitants, as they have for centuries. □

STRANGER AND BROTHER: A PORTRAIT OF C.P. SNOW

Philip Snow/Scribner's/$14.95

Thomas Mallon

C.P. Snow has been dead for over three years now. Even people who never read a word he wrote can recall a couple of things about him, like the photographs of his bald and bespectacled head—something less and less anthropomorphic as the years went on—and the fact that he made the phrase "The Two Cultures" a popular label for the troubling (if obvious) estrangement of the arts and sciences. He knew that his own varied experiences would make him an intriguing speaker on such an idea, and while he no doubt cared about the notion itself, it probably also appealed to him as a good career move: cornering a bit of the intellectual market, one might say. When he became Baron Snow in 1964 he put a telescope crossed with a pen on his coat of arms, as if registering his trademark.

This account of Snow's varied career by his younger brother Philip does not purport to be definitive, and in fact dithers rather charmingly between the realms of memoir and biography. Nonetheless, in spite of its slightness—and its reverence—a useful picture of Snow's life becomes discernible in it. Charles Percy Snow was born in Leicester in 1905. His father was a shy man, a clerk who in the evenings taught music, his mother a proud woman of conservative leanings. Philip Snow concedes that the family was "always in danger of crashing through the slim frontier into the lowest economic level of the working class," but he also admits that in later years his brother indulged in a bit of Mr. Bounderby about the family origins: "Because his early struggles were hard, Charles wanted no one to overlook them and, perhaps because of this, he placed the family background just a shade lower in the social scale than it actually was."

There is no doubt he worked hard. In fact, he worked himself sick before he got to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1928. But once there he was certain of success—one way or another. He started out in Physical Chemistry, but even as he did his own research he was absorbed by the spectacle of scientific and academic politics in a literary way. It didn't take him long to decide that writing was to be his main business. Science would provide the basis for his first serious novel (*The Search,* 1934), and university intrigue the material for his most famous (*The Masters,* 1951). He "enjoyed everything" about Cambridge, according to Philip, who became an undergraduate at the college where his brother was a Fellow. C.P. Snow remained there through the early part of the Second World War, until he went to work for the government recruiting scientists to work on the development of radar. As his career as a novelist gained momentum he also did a stint in British industry (part time at English Electric). He would eventually, in the mid-sixties, become Parliamentary Secretary in the new Ministry of Technology set up in the first Wilson government. (Britain is still decrepitly awaiting, twenty years later, the promised high-tech transformation of her economy.) Snow, because of the "Two Cultures" and his public activities, gradually became recognized as a kind of cultural seer, occasionally laughed at by highbrows, but often attended to by middlebrows—among whom, in any case, the action lies.

Despite his belief in the critical importance of luck, Snow knew that his varied successes had been much the result of shrewd deliberateness, the methodical ambition his brother quite clearly admires. Snow almost never missed a trick that lay between himself and the main chance. In 1939 he was putting a bit of money aside in the U.S., in case the going got too tough in a defeated Britain. When a few years before he advised Philip not to join the Communist Party it was less on ideological grounds than professional ones: "If I joined it would be very difficult to find a job on leaving Cambridge—or at least one's choice would be highly circumscribed." (Philip provides, in fact, an amusing illustration of how Communism brushed the most unlikely temperaments at Cambridge during the 1930s: He would find his real work when he joined the Colonial Service and was posted to the South Seas. While there he wrote a book about cricket in Fiji. When he got home he became, for a quarter century, the Bursar at Rugby.)

Snow liked making money and was uncontrollably eager to know people's salaries as soon as he met them. He sent his son to Eton during his time in the Labour government, and he clearly relished all the honorary degrees and testimonials that came to him in his last two decades. Philip is driven to a rapt inclusiveness when it comes to naming them: "The highest Bulgarian cultural honour had been awarded to him—the International Dimitrov Prize. . . ." (The Nobel eluded him.) He protested that he was not so captivated by winning as people made out: "I'm often accused of being entirely interested in success. Anyone who reads my books will realise that what I'm most closely in sympathy with is tragic failure." This strikes one as being true if one considers how many sad

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souls walk through the *Strangers and Brothers* novels; but the reason Snow found failure so absorbingly tragic in others was that he found it so out of the question for himself. In fact, he liked people who had started out and ended up more or less as he had: "To have been poor and to have succeeded in an intellectual rather than a commercial sense went a long way towards earning his approval." And if you could add commercial success to that, well, so much the better.

Even the greatest enterprise of his life, the eleven novels in the *Strangers and Brothers* series, seems to have impressed him less as an imaginative challenge than a career opportunity. He told Philip in 1935: "I think I've a really workable idea that's going to occupy me for the next ten or twenty years. I'm rather excited by it and, given some sanity in the world to enable me to carry it through, I believe it'll make me." He closely followed the books' sales, because, as he put it in 1947, "no front rank novelists (except Proust & Henry James) failed to get a reasonable sale in their own life-time." One of the transcendent moments in his career seems to have been a telephone call, in 1959, telling him that *The Affair* had been made a Book of the Month Club choice in the United States.

It should be remembered, though, in spite of Snow's rather industrial approach to his own fiction, that the *Strangers and Brothers* series was sustained by some noble intentions and very good moments. Conscious of himself as a realist set upon reversing the experimental tides of modernism (a crusade he also conducted in his criticism), Snow wanted to prove the vitality of the chronicle novel in an age whose most famous work of fiction took place in a single day. Describing his goals for the series in 1945, he wrote:

> The work has two explicit intentions—first to carry out an investigation into human nature . . . through a wide variety of characters, major and minor, second, to depict a number of social backgrounds in England in the period 1920-1950 from the dispossessed to Cabinet Ministers. For each major character, the narrator is occupied with the questions: How much of his fate is due to the accident of his class and time? and how much to the essence of his nature which is unaffected by class and time?

This, of course, sounds more on the order of the nineteenth-century novel than the twentieth. And, in fact, that is what Snow intended: a huge, majestic narrative that would teach people about how the world actually lives its life, instead of flash before them what passes for reality as it streams through a few individual consciousnesses. It was a grandly reactionary task, and it is too bad he wasn't more deft at it. Snow was a notoriously flat writer. He knew how to give his sentences sense, but he almost never made them sing.

There are portions of *Strangers and Brothers* that are entirely involving: the manipulations of *The Masters*; the religious despair of Roy Calvert in *The Light and the Dark*; Lewis Eliot's anguish over his mad wife in *Homecomings*. Snow has wrongly been fixed as a writer whose gifts lay entirely in the description of committee deliberations instead of romantic passions. There are, in fact, in his books some remarkable statements (nineteenth-century novels were permitted to have statements) about love:

> There was a lot of chance, I knew, in human relations; one cannot have seen much unless one believed in chance; I might have been luckier and got into a relation less extreme; but on the whole, I had to say of myself what I should have said of others—in your deepest relations, there is only one test of what you profoundly want: it consists of what happens to you.

Unfortunately, this shelf of books tends to sag with its own stylistic weight. There is something more elephantine than integral about it, and judged wholly and finally the undertaking is probably a failure. It is, however, sad that the most memorable attack on Snow's work was F.R. Leavis's sadistic one ("Snow's relation to the age . . . is characterized not by insight and spiritual energy, but by blindness, unconsciousness and automatism"), since Leavis was himself a horribly graceless writer of prose.

Philip Snow's own style is amusingly like his brother's. "The audience was a galaxy of literary and miscellaneous notoriety" is the sort of sentence he's capable of writing. There is a lot of clubbable fat on the clauses; he sometimes sounds a little like a toastmaster or the composer of, well, honorary-degree citations: "A close friend and as a confidant for nearly fifty years, he was unmistakably influential in keeping Charles informed, encouraged and entertained with a vivacity which the passing years have only faintly sapped." He can describe someone as the "most dolichocephalic of men," a phrase his brother might have chosen, and the chapter titles—exactly like his mentor's—have a cheapo grandeur that makes one grind one's teeth: "Two Men Rebuild Their Hopes," "Stateliness of a Man Presiding," etc. The uncertain form of the book, part biography, part reminiscence, results in a kind of confused charm. I like learning that Lord Snow liked Benny Hill and the Muppets, and I enjoyed the description of the piggishness with which he read the papers at breakfast; but I didn't care as much about his Ping-Pong matches with Philip as, not unexpectedly, Philip does. The list of match-ups between *Strangers and Brothers* characters and their real-life models has considerable interest.

The point of the book is to make Snow out to be something of a polymath. Certainly he saw more worlds than most men do. But as time goes on he will be remembered for being a novelist and very little else. He took some good material into well-intentioned but clumsy hands, and he was a sturdy soldier in the battle for sense on the modern novel's much abused pages. Alas, he now interests us chiefly for what he attempted than for how he actually managed it. □

COMING NEXT MONTH

Joseph A. Califano, Jr.
on
Irving Kristol

DOUBLE CROSSING

Erika Holzer/Putnam/$13.95

John R. Dunlap

Erika Holzer's first novel is very good—superior by first-novel standards. She has something important to say, and she says it in the mode of the serious thriller. The material is carefully researched, the plotting intricate and taut, the dialogue neat and pointed, and most of the narrative smooth enough to be unobtrusive, although it gets a tad bumpy in spots. ("Uniformed maids began passing trays of drinks. Butlers hovered about with bottles poised.") These exceptions aside, the language is nicely crafted, and the title is an apt play on words. *Double Crossing* is about human treachery, dual identity, and the crossing of a bridge called Glienicker, which joins West Berlin to Potsdam, East Germany, over the Havel River. The treachery is pervasive in this novel, but one seedy incident in particular dwells in the memory of Dr. Kurt Brenner, a world-renowned American surgeon on his way to a medical conference in East Berlin.

In a lengthy flashback, Brenner recalls his brief service time in Germany at the end of World War II. At age 19 back in 1945, when the war was safely winding down, "Honor Student" Brenner had enlisted in the Medical Corps so that his experience would give him "an edge over his classmates" when he returned to an early registration in medical school. But in Germany, shortly after V-E day and after many experiences too gamy for his taste, Pfc. Brenner is all too eager to get back home—eager enough to strike a deal with a Soviet officer in Berlin: the betrayal of a group of GI-sponsored Ukrainian refugee children in exchange for a complicated arrangement that will net Brenner a quicker passage home. Seven of the ten refugee children leap to their deaths in the Havel River to escape repatriation in the Soviet Union. Brenner, in a moment of panic and in the presence of the Soviet officer, kills an enraged GI who discovered the betrayal.

So Dr. Kurt Brenner—now famous, fiftyish, and on his way from New York to a prestigious confab in East Berlin—has a lot on his mind. The Soviet military officer, Nikolai Malik, had helped Brenner cover up the killing, had blackmailed Brenner for several years afterwards, and then had disappeared. But years later now, the invitation to East Berlin has come to Brenner over the signature of, among others, a Russian official named N. Malik. Well, that's a common enough Russian name, but Dr. Brenner—full of himself and his ambition to be the "apolitical ambassador of good will" at an important Eastern-bloc medical conference—has something to think about on the plane to Berlin.

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Meanwhile, Dr. Kiril Andreyevich Andreyev, a Moscow physician and our hero, wants more than anything to get out of the Soviet Union, permanently. Kiril's brother Aleksei, clearly the black sheep of the family (or one of a small herd of black sheep, as we learn later), is just about everything that Kiril isn't, including a Soviet secret police baron. Doctor Kiril and Colonel Aleksei have different opportunities in mind when, together, they work up a scheme to persuade the prominent Dr. Brenner to defect to the East. Aleksei has some information about Dr. Brenner that he thinks will be very persuasive, and the defection of a Western luminary would be a hefty addendum to Aleksei's shady resumé. For his part, Kiril talks with just the right blend of cynicism and opportunism ("Defectors run in the opposite direction, don't they? . . . Brenner and I would have a weekend to get acquainted. What would be more natural than for him to train *me* as his chief assisting surgeon?") to warrant a grudging half-trust as a temporary operative for the KGB; but Kiril looks forward to a chance at making a break for it when he gets to East Berlin.

Perhaps Brenner's crossing to the East will give Kiril his opportunity to cross over to the West. You'll have to read *Double Crossing* to find out—but don't count on it being that simple, and make sure you've got a half dozen free hours in front of you before you open it.

Erika Holzer's background should be of interest to those who came in late for the real-life spectacle that gave Holzer the inspiration for her novel. She and her husband are both lawyers; her husband, Henry Mark Holzer, a professor of law at Brooklyn College, is one of the lawyers who argued for Walter Polovchak's right to stay in America after Walter's father decided o leave Chicago and take his family ack to the Ukraine.

The ensuing court drama, evidently a wonderment to Erika Holzer, owes ts absurdity to the role played by the American Civil Liberties Union. The ame ACLU that argues for the rivacy rights of minors when parents ntrude on the sexual behavior of their hildren is the ACLU that argued for he integrity of the family when Walter's father tried to yank his unwilling 12-year-old son back to the world of big parades and Gulag.

Double Crossing, then, is also a novel about weird pustules of Western corruption and hypocrisy; about journalists and culturati who think the topic of people living under Communism is a bore; about humanitarians who think of human slavery as a bargain price to pay for cradle-to-grave medical care; about good-will ambassadors who think dissidents and refugees are spoilsports.

At one point in *Double Crossing,* up in a Soviet army helicopter returning to East Berlin from a Baltic resort, Kiril Andreyev, playing cicerone to his American guests, matter-of-factly describes the boundary of his world. He will need help to escape, and he is testing Adrienne, Kurt Brenner's wife, a Western journalist who, unlike many others of her trade, appears troubled by the plight of the East:

"Most people know about the border patrols between the DDR and the Federal Republic of Germany in the West. Few, perhaps, are aware that the patrols are continuous. Fifteen thousand hand-picked guards work the entire border area in two-man sentry units. They carry lightweight submachine guns, tracer ammunition and tear gas bombs, and they have standing orders: Shoot to *kill* . . .

"Finally, there is a barbed-wire mesh fence that is ten feet high and three feet underground—to prevent tunneling. . . . The fence is studded with watchtowers—over six hundred of them. They used to be made of wood; now they consist of concrete cylinders set one on top of another, crowned by a platform with searchlights and ports for machine guns.

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There are miles and miles of barbed wire in the fence. People speculate that should the wire strands be laid end to end, they would encircle the globe."

Kiril knows that those who get past the boundary have been reduced to a trickle of a hundred or so per year. But even Kiril is stunned to learn that those who try to pass the boundary—and who fail—are buried in unmarked graves.

Double Crossing is a thriller and a moral fable—served up with an engaging restraint and dedicated to "men and women behind the Iron Curtain who share, with the hero of this book, a common desire: to be free." It should be read by the men and women this side of the Iron Curtain who care not a whit about that desire. The burden of Erika Holzer's novel is that it probably won't be. □

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Joe Mysak

Things that can spoil your day: Leaving your wallet home. A flat tire. Ink on a white shirt. A girl's laugh. A political Russell Baker column.

In one of his collections, you can turn to another column. In the newspaper, you can turn to some really important reading on the social pages or the obits. Yet the disappointment lingers, for a bad Russell Baker column is as rare as a bad chocolate-chip cookie.

This is not to say that Baker is a confectioner of lightweight goods. Despite the claims of certain of his fans, Baker is not the funniest man in America. In fact, less than one-third of his columns are written with humorous intent. No, Russell Baker is funny in the same way Mark Twain, George Ade, and, in our own day, Jean Shepherd are funny: darkly.

Baker did not spring full-blown from the brow of Ochs. He was born in 1925 in Virginia. His father died when he was five years old, and his mother raised him just about singlehandedly. He attended Johns Hopkins, served in the Navy during World War II, and then joined the *Baltimore Sun*. At the *Sun,* Baker was a rewrite man and reporter, covering general assignment and police stories. As a reward for good work, the *Sun* sent him to its prestigious London post. In 1954 he joined the *New York Times* Washington bureau. In 1962 the *Sun* tried to lure him back by offering him a column. The *Times* counteroffered, and Baker has been writing the "Observer" column ever since.

Joe Mysak is a reporter for the Daily Bond Buyer.

"I began to wonder why, at the age of 37, I was wearing out my hams waiting for somebody to come out and lie to me," Baker reminisced for *Time* in 1979. He was sitting outside a closed Senate committee hearing when he was so inspired. He felt reporting was drudgery, "an unworthy way for a grown man to spend his life. You have good seats, sure, but you're always on the sidelines. You're not making anything."

Baker stopped being a reporter in 1962, when he began making staccato-toned, witty columns. But he did not really begin writing until 1974, when he left the Washington bureau for New York. A word may be in order here to show why leaving the Washington bureau would have such a dramatic effect on a journalist's life.

The Washington press corps covers Important front page stuff. They work right in the halls of power, have the best seats—they Know. They exist in a rarefied atmosphere. While this may result in very good daily reporting on politics, it rarely makes for particularly enduring commentary on the American scene.

Politics, and writing about politics, covering politics and commenting on politics thus seduced Baker, although not entirely. While in his political columns he often affects what may be termed a Sixties New Dealer pose, Baker more often than not looks at politicians of whatever stripe the only way a journalist should, in the words of the old editorial writer's saw: down his nose. At his best in these columns, Baker is somewhat Menckenesque; at his worst, he is indistinguishable from the other heavy lumber on the *Times* op-ed page.

Baker is much better than this, and he knows it, which is why you won't find many of the fish-wrapper columns in his collections. Instead, you find essentially three columns: one of withering satire, reflecting outrage at the modern world while upholding the traditional values; one of a realist-humorist style; and one in the madcap burlesque mode. The first deflates pomposity, the second shows us what George Ade called People You Know, and the third makes us laugh.

Baker the satirist deadpans. He presents the facts, and you draw your own conclusions. "Nowadays you don't have a razor anymore. You have a shaving system. I am always nervous in the presence of systems," he writes. Again, considering the literary art of the modern menu, Baker observes that a hamburger is not a hamburger, but "a magnificently seared thickness of sizzling goodness." Psychoanalysis, radical feminists, and book-banning all pass under the cynic's gaze, and do not come off the better for it. Or take this example from *The Rescue of Miss Yaskell and Other Pipe Dreams,* his latest collection:

Men, have you ever felt the lust for shirtings? I mean, have you ever ducked into one of those high-toned haberdasheries to get out of the rain and noticed a discreet sign over in the corner—probably in Old English lettering—that said "Men's Shirtings," and felt your mouth water?

Sure you have. But you didn't go over there, did you? You didn't have the nerve to walk up to the salesman and say, "I want to buy a shirting." Of course you didn't. And for good reason, too. For one thing, you weren't sure what a shirting was. For another thing, it sounded like something so elegant that you were afraid the salesman would say that people as minimal as you weren't worthy to wear shirtings.

Such stuff is closer to the grain of American life than bloodless comment on Watergate, the sins of Richard Nixon and his friends, Vietnam, or Pax Atomica. For opinions on such things we turn to more informed, wiser, or at least more politically compatible heads. For a look at how we live now, however, Baker has no superiors, and few peers.

The satirist tells us a lot about his times, about fads, popular delusions, and the madness of crowds. The realist-humorist, which is not the most elegant but the most apt term, describes the rituals, characters, and episodes that are more or less permanent features of the landscape, the anchors in the midst of life's more fabulous moments of melodrama. Such work is bittersweet, and filled with desperation. It may be funny, but it is also truthful, even factual. It is familiar: The reader experiences the shock of recognition upon reading about romances, characters, neighborhoods, events, and even meals he knows. This is very funny, and possibly very sad. We know what Baker is talking about when he describes the social striations among Nantucket's summer people. We know about a man's love for his car. We know the perils of bachelor cookery.

Baker uses this style best in his autobiography, *Growing Up,* which last year won him his second Pulitzer Prize (the first having been for commentary). *Growing Up* is about Baker's early childhood in Virginia, his father's death when he was a boy, and his mother's heroic efforts to get her son "to make something of himself." Lucy Baker told her son when he was eight, "If you think I'm going to raise a good-for-nothing, you've got another think coming." Baker writes, "She was like a warrior mother fighting to protect her children in a world run by sons-of-bitches," optimistic and even sunny in the face of rejection, defeat, and failure. Baker covers a lot of familiar ground in a book Anthony Lewis calls an American Classic. For once, Anthony Lewis is right.

Rounding out the Baker canon are his burlesques. Few writers can carry off such things as well. In the first place, few have the imagination. In the second, fewer can so faithfully record the antic ravings of maniacs. Here Baker goes to the movies, and "Gary Cooper is in the next seat as usual, wearing his badge and Stetson." Baker warns Coop to "stay out of it." Of course Coop cannot, not in this age of the antihero and the vice squad.

Here, Daddy tells his daughter Virginia about the good old summertime while putting down a good number of gin and tonics:

No good old summertime? You might as well say that there are no good television repeats, no sand in the sheets, no second-degree sunburn. Summer is a wilted collar on the neck, steam on the eyeglasses, poison ivy between the toes and a mosquito bite behind the ear.

And that's not all summer is. Summer is also a lightning bug glimmering against the sycamore, and don't you ever forget it, Virginia. A lightning bug against the sycamore, ants in the kitchen, a mole in the lawn, a snake in the meadow and a shark in the surf. . . . When the radiator is boiling and the picnic is floating away in the thunderstorm and the roof of the seaside cottage is leaking, then do men sing, "Sumer is icumen in, coo-coo."

Thus does Russell Baker win his laughs. Such is his style of burlesque. Such, as Dickens wrote, is life. Such is Observer Russell Baker. And the hell with politics. □

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DOSTOEVSKY: THE YEARS OF ORDEAL 1850-1859

Joseph Frank/Princeton University Press/$25

Robert Leiter

In this, the second in a projected five-volume biography of Dostoevsky, Joseph Frank, a professor of comparative literature at Princeton, deals with one of the most important experiences in the great Russian novelist's life: the time he spent imprisoned in Siberia for his involvement with the radicals of the Petrashevsky circle. These four years are central to an understanding of Dostoevsky's work and philosophy because it was during this period of hard labor that he experienced his religious conversion and broke with the "idealism" of his youth.

Frank's first volume, *The Seeds of Revolt,* which won both the James Russell Lowell and Christian Gauss Awards in 1977, describes Dostoevsky's childhood and youth; the murder of his father at the hands of his serfs; Dostoevsky's training as a cadet at the Academy of Engineers; and his eventual involvement with the radical intelligentsia of St. Petersburg.

The Years of Ordeal takes up the story at the point of Dostoevsky's arrest by the Czarist police. The then quite young novelist, who had made his name almost overnight with his first novel, *Poor Folk,* was sent to the infamous Peter and Paul Fortress and placed in solitary confinement. A government investigation of Petrashevsky and his followers (who had met primarily to discuss the abolishment of serfdom) found little that was subversive about the group's activities; still, the Czar decided that these particular "radicals" had to be used as examples for other would-be revolutionaries. A mock execution was staged; and throughout it all Dostoevsky was certain he would die. The Czar issued his "pardon" at the last moment and the prisoners were sent to Siberia.

It was there in the prison camp Dostoevsky called "the house of the dead" that he had his "encounter with the Russian people" and was forever transformed. His first conception of "the people" had come from the philanthropic and humanitarian ideas that had received wide circulation in the Russia of the 1840s. In such works the peasantry was made to seem the embodiment of morality and goodness.

But from the start of his prison sentence Dostoevsky saw only examples of the cruelty and brutishness of the poor. As Frank writes, "Life in the barracks was a never-ending, rasping assault on Dostoevsky's sensibility," and it left him deeply troubled.

Yet there was an incident, related by Dostoevsky years later in his *Diary of a Writer,* that changed his despair over the peasantry into positive, religious fervor. While watching his fellow prisoners prepare for the Easter festivities, Dostoevsky recalled an incident from his childhood. When he was nine years old he had been wandering through the forest on his father's estate and thought he heard someone shout that a wolf was near. Frightened, the young Dostoevsky ran towards a peasant, known only as "Marey," who was plowing a field. She lifted the child and assured him that no wolf was near. Dostoevsky remembered "Marey smiling at him gently 'like a mother,' blessing him with the sign of the cross and crossing himself. . . . The encounter was isolated, in an empty field, and only God, perhaps, saw from above what deep and enlightened human feeling . . . could fill the heart of a coarse, bestially ignorant Russian peasant serf. . . ."

From that moment on Dostoevsky's attitude toward his fellow convicts changed. "I remember," he wrote years later, "when I got off the plank bed and gazed around [the prison barracks], that I suddenly felt I could look on these unfortunates with quite different eyes, and suddenly, *as if by a miracle,* all hatred and rancor vanished from my heart." In Frank's opinion, Dostoevsky's conversion was genuine; however, it cannot be said "to involve religious faith in the strict sense, although it unquestionably turned on beliefs with strong religious associations." Yet Dostoevsky had not placed his faith in God or Christ *per se* but rather "in the Russian common people as, in some sense, the human image of Christ."

The Years of Ordeal is of a quality equal to that of *The Seeds of Revolt*; and this quality seems attributable to Frank's biographical approach. In his introduction, he writes that his method has been to subordinate Dostoevsky's private life "to a depiction of his interconnection with the literary and social-cultural history of his time." And so, we are offered a portrait of Dostoevsky as a writer, not simply as an individual; and, according to Frank, in order "to grasp, so far as possible, the creative process by which life is transformed into art, the experience of the life must be apprehended and organized, without any violation of the historical records, so as to clarify the mysterious mutation. And this can only be done if the life is constantly viewed through the focus of, and in terms of, the work, rather than the more usual way of regarding the work only as a more or less incidental by-product of the life."

Frank's method is truly unique. In an age when biographies thrive on gossip and excess, such restraint should be vigorously applauded. □

Robert Leiter has written for the New Republic, Commonweal, *the* American Scholar, *and other journals.*

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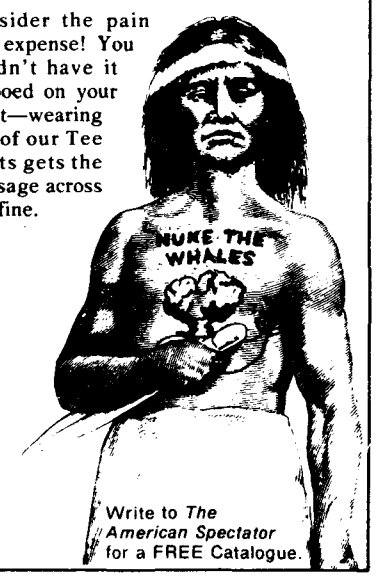

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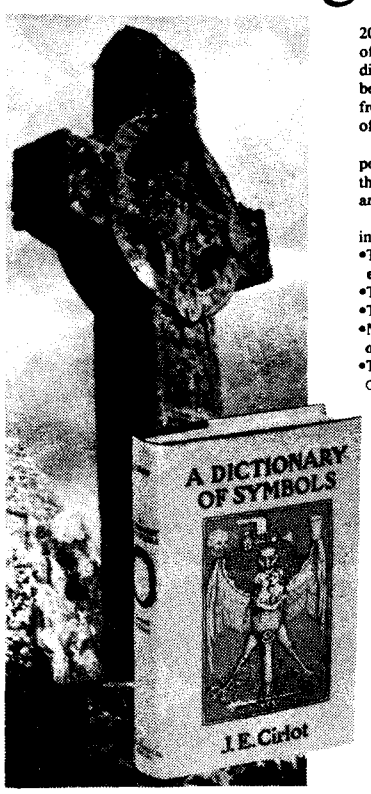

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EDITORIAL

(continued from page 7)

passions of the 1960s. In the 1930s George Orwell saw the same partisanship blinding journalists, and it alarmed him "because," he wrote, "it often gives me the feeling that the very concept of objective truth is fading out of the world." □

SOCKDOLAGERS OF 1983

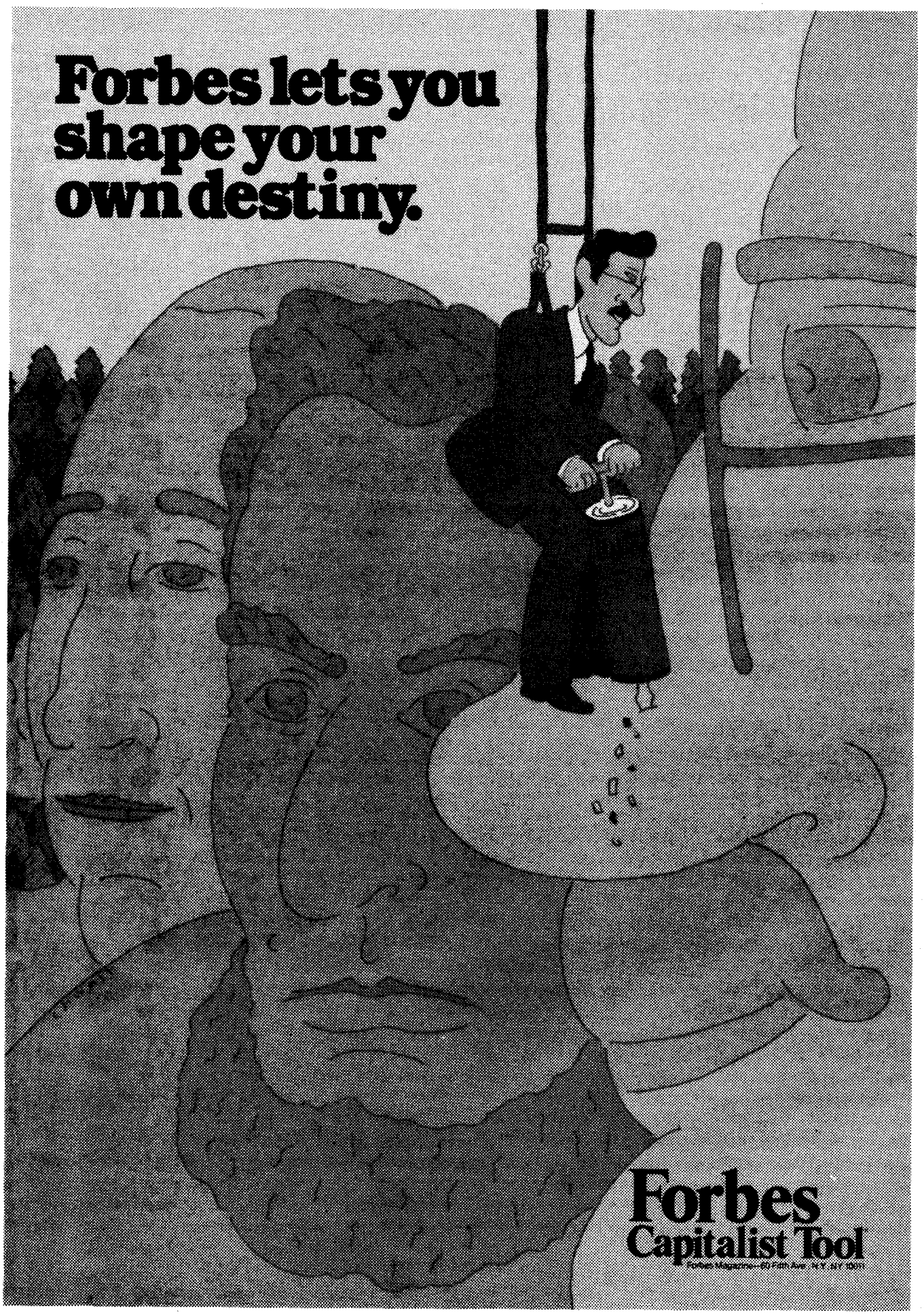
Nineteen eighty-three passes, and 'tis time to throw another log on the fire, uncork a jug, and savor our favorite news stories of the dying year. You have yours, and I have mine.

My favorite big story is the story of the economic recovery. At the beginning of the year the economy sputtered and gasped for breath. By the year's end the recovery had become the healthiest since 1964 as employment grew along with real income, the Gross National Product, and productivity. Moreover, inflation was down to the lowest yearly rate in nearly two decades.

The Liberal brethren's favorite story is the story of spreading hunger and misery. Think of it! Social spending has increased thirty fold in real terms since 1964, and the expenditure for food stamps has grown at about the same rate since the early 1970s. Nonetheless hunger and misery spread. Unfortunately, aside from one presidential candidate's solemn declaration that students at some remote outpost were so hungry that they could not study, the Liberals have been very coy about providing corroboration.

I wish they had come to me. I would gladly have dipped into my 1983 news files and fetched reports guaranteed to choreograph their laments with a stageful of hungry wretches. In New York City it was reported that young boys were sucking subway tokens from turnstile slots before subway customers could pass through. Authorities took desperate measures to end these Dickensesque scenes, including sprinkling the slots with chili powder, but to no avail. "I couldn't think of anything more downright unhealthy," was a high Transit Authority's rebuke.

I can, and I am sure that my Liberal friends could have used these news stories too. In Baltimore, Maryland, two postal workers were convicted last spring of having eaten the mail. "They ate the mail," the venerable *Washington Post* quoted prosecutor Glenda G. Gordon as saying. "This is not funny . . . I use the mail." In New Orleans, Louisiana, police speculated that a 25-year-old man whom they had arrested for allegedly stealing and eating neighborhood dogs had been driven by "desperation and hunger." Then they discovered that the young man's landlord was missing; and, suspecting violence, they lit out for the offices of the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals where they had deposited the contents of the young man's freezer—fifty pounds of it!



All these are memorable and useful stories, but my most memorable story may be the most useful of all. Early in the year Orange County Superior Court Judge James F. Judge presided over adoption proceedings wherein 45-year-old Joanna Clark, who underwent a sex change in 1975, adopted as her daughter 25-year-old Anna Marie Mostyn, whose sex change was then only half completed thus making her one of the few United States citizens whose anatomy has been reconstructed in accordance with the gender-neutral guidelines of the Department of Health and Human Services. According to the

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San Francisco Chronicle, Judge Judge's courtroom became a scene of jubilation: "I'm a mother! I'm so happy," enthused Mrs. Clark.

But hold! Obstacles remained, for Mrs. Clark's daughter was serving a fifteen-year prison sentence for knocking off banks, and the poor thing languished in the California Medical Facility in Vacaville. Officials knew not where to place her. A lawyer for Miss Mostyn filed a $3.25 million lawsuit against the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, alleging that it would be highly irregular to send such a comely prisoner to a male hoosegow where she might suffer a life of moral compromise. Yet Miss Mostyn's new mother remained sanguine. "The bottom line," she declared, "is that Anna Marie is now the daughter I always wanted, the focal point of my life. I'm looking forward to sitting in a church pew someday and watching her walk down the aisle. . . . Normalcy in her life, that's all I want for her."

You snicker, but have we not been taught that all is relative? Judge Judge looks out on his courtroom and sees Mrs. Clark as a mother. Mrs. Clark looks at Miss Mostyn and sees a daughter. The Liberal brethren look at the same economic indicators that so reassure me and they see hunger and misery. Perhaps the most important news story of 1983 is that delusion spreads. Happy New Year. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 5)

allowed to arrive. As explained by L. de Paor's book, *Divided Ulster*:

The fear of being out-bred has ever been present, and the Unionists have been able to call on the Protestant employers and workers alike to exert economic pressure to drive Catholics out of the area. This undoubtedly is one of the chief functions served by the recurring sectarian riots and pogroms in Belfast: driving Catholics out, whenever the pressure of their numbers was felt, has been a feature of these. The extent of the danger which has been, and still is, apprehended by the Protestant population to their "ascendancy" in this respect is shown by the fact that at any given moment the number of Catholic children of school-going age is nearly half that of the total of such children (and in 1969, according to [1963-1969 Prime Minister of Northern Ireland] Captain [Terence] O'Neill, the proportion of Catholic children was 51 percent). It is only by the operation of selective pressures, mainly economic, that the proportion of Catholics in the population as a whole has been kept relatively stable. Since the war, it has shown a tendency to rise slowly, as follows:

1911	34.4%
1926	33.5%
1937	33.5%
1951	34.4%
1961	34.9%

By 1971 the Catholic proportion *overall* had slipped to 31.4 percent, yet in mid-1981 the Catholic *birthrate* remained higher than the Protestant.

The Catholic Northern Ireland absolute majority is indeed always imminent but never arrives due to differential emigration. As explained during 1971 in the *Review of Politics*:

[T]he total percentage of emigration from Northern Ireland from 1951 to 1961 was 10.1 percent for Roman Catholic males; 4.5 percent for males of other denomination; for Roman Catholic females, 8.8 percent, females of other denomination, 3.0 percent. Emigrants tend to be young people. In the same years in the age group of 20 to 24, 28.6 percent of Roman Catholic males, but only 9.5 percent of other denomination males left. In the age group 25 to 29, 31.7 percent of Roman Catholic males but only 19.3 percent of other denomination males left. Female emigration shows relatively similar percentages, although both are somewhat lower than males. It should be recalled that persons of other denominations outnumber Catholics about two to one, so the Catholic emigration on this basis is quite high.

What impels differential emigration impeding arrival of the ever-impending Catholic majority? At approximately the 1969 revitalization of the current strife, the Northern Ireland government in Belfast and the various local authorities were perhaps the biggest employers in the region, and these invariably hired Protestants. It was disclosed during 1967 that of 106 public service positions paying over £4,000 yearly, only three were held by Catholics. Over 90 percent of the six-county Northern Ireland civil servants were Protestant. . . .

The memoirs of Sir Harold Wilson (from 1964 to 1970, and from 1974 to 1976, the U.K. Prime Minister) recall with approval his television address on May 28, 1974:

My own speech the following day was concerned with two main points, one, to emphasize the argument about the vast assistance given by Westminster to help unemployment in the Province, and two, to open up a debate about the future.

On finance, we had provided £70 million for the Harland and Wolff shipyard, "where the employment is almost 100 percent from a single religious community." Yet it was Harland workers who more than any had denied their fellow Ulstermen the right to work.

Sir Harold openly boasts that the employment situation in Northern Ireland has been manipulated economically on a massive scale by London, and that this produces antiseptically characterized "single religious community" employees who keep their neighbors out of work. . . .

3. *The Election Figures: 1982.* Vice President Garry Adams of Sinn Fein during October 1982 proved the first elected member of the new, British-sponsored Northern Ireland Assembly. Sinn Fein had fielded just twelve candidates for the Assembly, but elected five. The victorious Adams—a former Provisional IRA commander who spent two years on the run from British security forces—declared: "Obviously the IRA has support. The IRA has been involved in a struggle against one of the biggest armies in the world for years."

The *Economist* of London, the most prestigious news magazine in the world, in its issue of October 30, 1982, found that the 64,000 Northern Ireland Assembly votes for Provisional Sinn Fein derived generally from Catholics who never before had voted. The *Economist* elaborated:

Almost the entire Catholic voting population of Northern Ireland—37% of the electorate—supported candidates committed to playing no part in the new assembly. That Catholic community was split as never before between its constitutional and its revolutionary wings, and the constitutional side—represented by the Social Democratic and Labour party (SDLP)—was seen to be losing its force to the revolutionary nationalists of the Provisional Irish Republican Army.

. . . [I]t is a clear fact that the Provisionals have emerged from the election with, for the first time, a solid political base.

Meanwhile, the Associated Press reported that "Protestants elected 47 members who are pledged never to share power with Catholics and whose aim is to force London to hand back control of the province to the Protestant majority."

Conclusion. But did the IRA not launch the post-1969 current cycle of terrorism?

The IRA played no ostensible role in the start of the present Northern Ireland troubles, in 1968 and 1969. But after the large-scale Protestant assaults on Catholic areas of Belfast in August 1969 when 300 to 500 homes were burned, traditionalists in the IRA reasserted themselves.[*New York Times,* September 1, 1976]

The hard evidence demonstrates that the democratic principle of majority rule has mandated an independent, united Ireland; that even within the six occupied northeastern counties a local Catholic majority's emergence has been blocked only through gross

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overseas government discrimination to "export" the native majority; and that this local Catholic community of the 1980s increasingly has turned toward the Provisional Irish Republican Army. And the IRA emphatically did not initiate the current wave of sectarian violence.

—George Steven Swan
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Herb Greer is identified, in the November *American Spectator,* as "an American playwright and writer living in Europe." His article on Irish nationalism and the IRA makes it clear that his talents in those fields would be better applied in rewriting his own articles and plays than in rewriting Irish history.

Greer distinguishes between "the mainstream of popular Irish nationalism" and the Irish Republican movement, in various incarnations, that wants and wanted "to sever all ties with the British crown." He accuses the Republicans then and now of being fascist at heart. The statement about separation from the mainstream is debatable, at best. That about fascism is preposterous.

French historian Roger Chauvire comments that the Irish Republican ideal went back to the 1798 rebellion "or, more briefly, was the same as America's" (Chauvire, *A Short History of Ireland,* p. 122). In the 1918 parliamentary election, which led to the 1919-1921 guerilla war against Britain, Sinn Fein won every seat outside of the present boundaries of Northern Ireland. Efforts to downplay the popular mandate this represented are reminiscent of attempts to portray Ronald Reagan as a minority president. Nor were such sentiments confined to 1918. On the 1861 funeral of Terence McManus, exiled for life for planning rebellion in 1848, Chauvire notes:

> A vast crowd followed the procession to Glasnevin and thus showed where the heart of Ireland lay; indeed, after their defeat, perhaps because of it, the Irish people looked on the Fenians with gratitude and tenderness and held them in honor with constant fidelity.

As for theories of a Celtic pseudo-race, Greer may be able to find an Irish Republican here and there who spoke in those terms, as he would find rather more fatuous Englishmen, and some few Americans, who based various social and political doctrines on ideas about an equally mythical Anglo-Saxon race. But the doctrine of Irish Republicanism, at all points in history, has been national, not racial; and Republicans have always specifically included Anglo- and Scots-descended Protestants in their counting of the Irish people, which would hardly be possible if they were operating on racial presumptions. For instance, the Easter Proclamation by the leaders of the 1916 rebellion states:

> The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens . . . cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

For its part, the present Sinn Fein regards the eighteenth-century Irish patriot Wolfe Tone as the ultimate founder of their movement, and stages an annual commemoration, attended by thousands, at his grave. Given that Tone, a Presbyterian, was almost surely of British ancestry, it would be as possible for them to do that if they were indeed racialists as it would have been for the Nazis to revere an eighteenth-century German Jew as the founder of their movement, and hold solemn annual celebrations in his honor.

Further, Greer claims that the days of the Protestant Ascendancy in Northern Ireland are gone. Sad to say, nothing could be further from the truth. The form of government has changed, lessening the usefulness of a monolithic Loyalist political party in the fashion of the pre-1972 Unionist party. But with the region under the direct control of a British government to which they have never assented, the nationalists there are almost as completely removed from having any effective say in the running of their own country as they ever were. And the linchpin of the "Protestant Ascendancy," economic control maintained through pervasive discrimination, therefore remains unperturbed. To cite only two examples of many, the British government's own stepchild, the Northern Ireland Fair Employment Agency, found in a 1980 study that employment disparities between Catholics and Protestants not only persist but will probably widen (*Economist,* February 26, 1980). And Cambridge law professor Christopher McCrudden, in a 1982 study, warned that without a major change in British government fair employment policies, Catholics will continue to suffer discrimination "for many generations into the future."

The reasons are easy enough to divine. Whatever pretense the British may make of looking down their noses at Ian Paisley and his ilk, if he and other Loyalists turn against them, they will have lost their hold in Ireland. But in refusing to come to grips with the basic issues of economic and political exclusion, the British have allowed Northern Ireland's deep wounds to fester interminably, and have ensured the continuance of civil strife and violence. This, ultimately, is against the interests of not only the people of Northern Ireland, but, in the one correct observation Greer makes, of Europe and the Western Alliance. Northern Ireland must be governed in a manner acceptable to both its communities, and compatible with the principles of civil and human rights observed by the Western democracies. Britain's failure to do so, today and over the entire course of its history there, makes clear that the only hope for the future is in some new, and fundamentally different, arrangement.

—Joseph Michael Farrell
Burgettstown, Pennsylvania

Herb Greer replies:
Let me come straight to the point

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which all these letters avoid. It was not I but the *foreign minister of the Irish Republic* who applied the term "blatantly fascist" to these Provisional IRA and INLA. What I did was to supply a bit of historical background and show that this was not mere abuse. There is no need to repeat the facts I gave. They are on the historical record, along with others like the IRA's alliance with the Nazis during World War II. These things are not, as Mr. Farrell claims, a matter of debate.

I will stress again that the policy of the Provos and the INLA as summarized in my piece is no figment of British propaganda. Provisional Sinn Fein and the Irish Republican Socialist Party (political wing of the INLA) boast in public and published statements of their intention to destroy the present system of government in *Ireland*—not just Ulster—and to supplant it with a dictatorial one-party "socialist" (i.e., left-wing fascist) state in the style, as I say, of Cuba and Nicaragua. There is no question of these terrorists being fascist "at heart." Their political character is a matter of open commitment. It is expressed in actions like the machine-gunning of Sunday worshipers in a small country church in County Armagh last November. This revolted most Nationalists in the Catholic community of Ulster. I wish I could say the same for the Americans whom I have accurately described as the Irish-American Bund.

Like a conjurer waving his fingers to distract attention from the card up his sleeve, Professor Swan tries to obscure my central point by aiming a smoke-screen at those I made in passing. Even there he shoots badly. His williwaw of statistics actually supports what I said about Provo dependence on a split vote.

For earlier times, one may argue as I do from the popular vote of 1918 (Republicans lost the popular vote, polling 485,105 against a Unionist and Nationalist total of 557,435), or from the number of parliamentary seats like Mr. Farrell. The fact remains that hard-core Republicans were repudiated not just by the popular vote, but by the citizens of the Irish Free State in the civil war which followed independence. Today in the Republic, that repudiation is near-absolute. The Provos and the INLA are electoral nonentities in the South. They have *never* enjoyed majority voting support in either part of Ireland and do not now.

If these indignant letter writers had any real familiarity with Anglo-Irish affairs, they would know that the Irish government and public opinion are shifting on the basic issue of unification. There are good reasons for this besides Northern Protestant stubbornness and the continuing strong hold of the Catholic Church on the Republic's politics. Contrary to Mr. Farrell's belief, Ulster is not economically excluded from the United Kingdom. The cost to the British taxpayer of running Ulster—*apart* from the military expenditure—is some £4 billion. On top of that there is a military budget of about £100 million. The normal subvention for a U.K. province is close to £1.2 billion. The bottom line is that the economic burden of Ulster would seriously destabilize a United Ireland—a principal ground for Provo and INLA eagerness to achieve unification.

I am fascinated to hear from Mr. Wall that he does not believe Noraid ships arms to the Provisional IRA. He seems to have missed the report of the New York trial in which Martin Flannery of Noraid admitted such shipments, escaping conviction with the plea that the CIA approved them. Later Noraid defendants on the same charge were not so fortunate.

I doubt that ordinary Americans who contribute to Noraid's campaign of bigotry, lies, phony history, and (*pace* Mr. Farrell) racist propaganda really know what they are paying for. Their money goes to buy things like the grenade that killed a southern Irish soldier and police cadet on the 16th of December and the car bomb that slaughtered and mutilated Christmas shoppers at Harrods a day later. (The British were not intimidated by this; when Harrods opened on the following Monday, queues were waiting to go in.) None of the killing and maiming helps toward any new or different arrangement in Ulster. It *prevents* progress and change. This suits the Provos and INLA, giving maximum scope for them to spread their venom throughout the whole of Ireland.

It is no good snarling at me like a drunken Irish washerwoman, "Agh, yer a liar." Neither that nor the rhetoric and statistics in these letters can alter the brute facts of the matter. If Americans want to help the Ulster Irish, the best thing they can do is to stop contributing to the tear-washed fanatics who sponsor terrorism—especially Noraid, which at this moment stands in contempt of court for refusing to register as a foreign agent of the Provisional IRA.

Bitter folk memories die hard. I know, because I am Irish-American myself and grew up with them. But it is time to put away that vicious, destructive bitterness and the nineteenth-century illusions which go with it, and step at last into the cold light of today's real world—where the so-called freedom fighters can be seen for the murderous would-be tyrants that they are. □

Who reads The American Spectator?

Lewis Lehrman

ALSO: Malcolm Muggeridge, Ben Wattenberg, Peregrine Worsthorne, George Roche, S.I. Hayakawa, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Henry Kissinger, Clayton Fritchery, Milton Friedman, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Midge Decter, James Q. Wilson, David Brinkley, Joseph Coors, Irving Kristol, Henry Fairlie, Alan Abelson, Charlton Heston, Senator Jake Garn, Edwin J. Feulner, Jr., Gertrude Himmelfarb, James Hitchcock, Gen. Alexander Haig, Tom Wolfe, James Jackson Kilpatrick, George Gilder, Jack Paar, George Will, J. Peter Grace, Maj. Gen. George S. Patton, III, Fred Ikle, Philip Crane, Tom Stoppard, William F. Buckley, Jr., Patrick Buchanan, Albert Shanker, Lewis Lapham, Rowland Evans, Robert Novak, Jude Wanniski, Jack Kemp, William Rusher, Richard M. Nixon, William E. Simon, Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr., Thomas J. Lescher, Norman Mailer, Clare Boothe Luce, Gerald R. Ford, Melvin Lasky, Nelson Poslby, Roger Milliken, Randolph Richardson, Thomas Sowell, Sidney Hook, Jim Fallows, Edith Efron, Gen. A.C. Wedemeyer, James L. Buckley, Elliott Abrams, Donald Rumsfeld, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Shmuel Moyal, Huntington Cairns, Anne Armstrong, Norman Podhoretz, Jeff MacNelly, Doris Grumbach, Ernest van den Haag, Paul McCracken, Brock Yates, Ray Price, James Glassman, John Lehman, John Roche, John Chamberlain, William Safire, Neal Kozodoy, Henry Salvatori, David Meiselman, Martin Peretz, Charles Horner, Edward Banfield, Victor Lasky, Vincent Allen, Roy Cohn, Joseph Hazan, Eugene V. Rostow, Michael Novak, Richard Perle, Hugh Kenner, Frank Shakespeare, William Proxmire, Patrick Cosgrave, Jean-Franois Revel, Luigi Barzini, Tom Charles Huston, Clay La Force, John Lofton, M. Stanton Evans, Peter Brimelow, Dana Andrews, Richard Whalen, Richard Lugar, Henry Regnery, Charles Peters, John Lukacs, Leonard Garment, Michael Kinsley, Tom Winter, Nathan Glazer, John O'Sullivan, Alan Reynolds, Antonio Martino, Colin Welch, Robert Bleiberg, Herb Stein, Roger Starr, Walter Goodman, Harry Jaffa, Jeffrey Hart, David Packard, Robert Nisbet, James R. Schlesinger, Thomas Murphy, Suzanne Garment, Roger Rosenblatt, Anthony Harrigan, Robert L. Bartley, David Stockman, Dixy Lee Ray, Richard Allen, Ernest Lefever, Sen. Paul Laxalt, Joseph A. Califano, Garry Trudeau, David E. Davis, P.J. O'Rourke, William M.H. Hammett, Adin K. Woodward, Robert Lekachman, Leo Rosten, Arthur Laffer, Jerome F. Donovan, Col. Harry G. Summers, Jr., Steve Tesich, Charlie Kittrell, Ralph J. Lemley, George Nash, Frank Mankiewicz, George Roche, Richard Grenier, Kenneth Adelman, and many others.

You're invited to join them!

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BEYOND TERRORISM

Dan Peterson

Ray Cline began with a tale that was chillingly apt: On September 1, 1983, Cline was in Seoul, South Korea, helping to organize a conference on "Security in the Northwest Pacific." He was waiting for Congressman Larry McDonald, who was also to have participated in the conference, when word reached Seoul that KAL flight 007 had been blasted from the skies by a Soviet rocket.

The next evening, Cline and several other Americans met with South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan at the presidential residence. Chun contrasted the reactions of Americans and Koreans: "We Koreans are just as saddened as you are by this senseless destruction of innocent lives. We're saddened, just as you are, but we're *not surprised.*"

In recounting President Chun's words, Cline—perhaps best known for his service as the CIA's Deputy Director for Intelligence during the sixties—was addressing a conference on "Domestic and International Terrorism" held in Houston on October 10-11. His story had a grisly timeliness. Less than 24 hours before Cline spoke, half of the South Korean cabinet had been blown up by a terrorist bomb in Rangoon, Burma. President Chun narrowly escaped. One may suppose that once again he was not surprised.

Few of Cline's listeners were surprised, either. Houston's Investigative Research Foundation had assembled perhaps the most knowledgeable group of experts on terrorism, ten in all, ever to address a public meeting. The crowd attracted by these experts was nearly as intriguing. Security officers from major corporations—IBM, Xerox, TRW, Bechtel, Exxon, Texaco, Westinghouse, and many others—were well represented; so were members of private security firms. The FBI, Secret Service, and U.S. Army Intelligence participated openly, and all indications were that the CIA was there under light cover. (A surprising number of registrants paid cash.) But there was also a sprinkling of diplomats, academics, and police officers, as well as members of the general public. One university professor brought five of his students. Nevertheless, it is unlikely that many of the participants were shocked by what they heard at the conference, namely that the Soviets are the moving force behind world-wide terrorism. To the speakers, the fact of KGB involvement was taken to be massive, inescapable, colossally obvious.

To be sure, not all terror is Soviet terror. Iran, for example, sponsors Shiite Moslem terrorist groups, and there are right-wing terrorist groups in Italy, Turkey, and throughout much of Latin America. Nor is all left-wing terror directly controlled by the Soviet Union. As the experts in Houston were careful to point out, the degree of Soviet support for and control of terrorist groups varies widely, and the Soviets often merely exploit groups which have indigenous origins, such as the IRA, PLO, and Red Brigades.

Nevertheless, the recurring view that the Soviets are somehow exonerated merely because certain terrorist groups may have indigenous origins or local grievances is, as Ray Cline tactfully put it, "a stupid position."

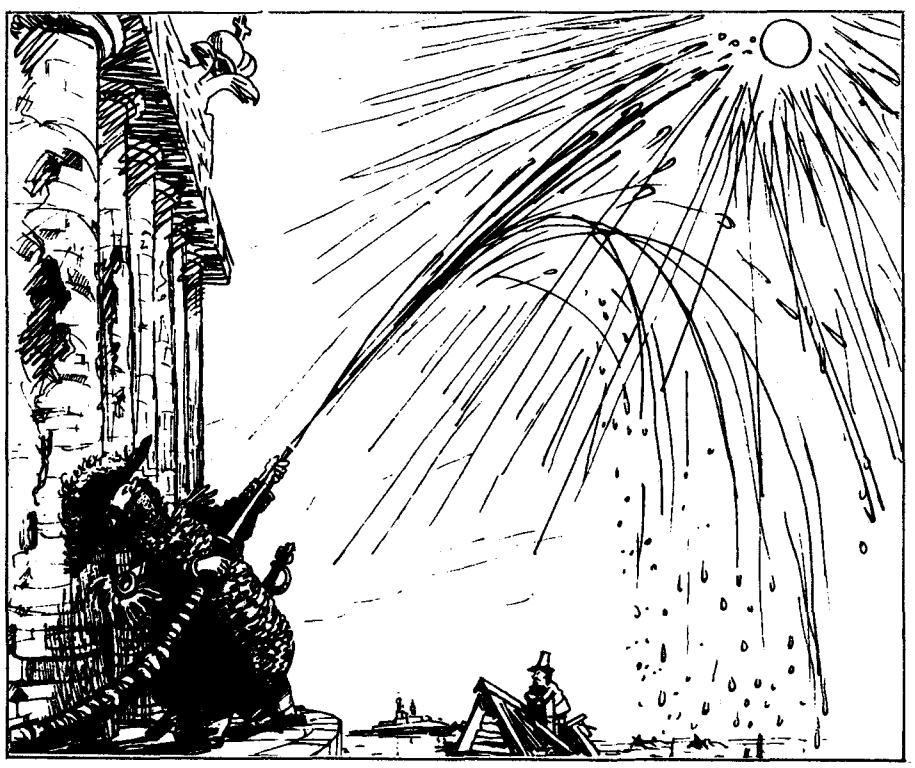
There is, first of all, ironclad evidence of Soviet provision of weapons, training, and finance for most of the major terrorist groups throughout the seventies and early eighties, most thoroughly documented in *The Terror Network* by Claire Sterling, who spoke at the conference. Second, even if such direct evidence were not enough, the sheer magnitude and sophistication of left-wing terrorist operations can only lead one to conclude, as another speaker, Colonel Peter Goss, put it, that it is "extremely doubtful" that terrorism "would be of great significance without the patronage of powerful governments," chiefly the Soviet Union. Colonel Goss, now head of the American branch of the British security firm Control Risks Ltd., is in a position to know. Starting with his service in the British Special Operations Executive in World War II, he was until 1979 involved in British Army counter-insurgency and counter-terrorist operations around the globe, including Malaya, Palestine, Aden, Oman, and Northern Ireland. In addition to the weapons and cash required to mount sustained terrorist operations, Goss emphasized what he called "the machinery of clandestinity": training, sanctuary, communications, transport, false documents, and the rest. To carry on repeated, large-scale terrorist operations without detection requires a degree of finance and access to the "machinery of clandestinity" that is simply out of the reach of most purely private groups.

The Soviets, moreover, have every reason to support existing terrorist groups. As Colonel Goss said, they "clearly see terrorism as an essential weapon in their strategic armory directed against the West." Ray Cline put it more colloquially:

> [The Soviets] think they've got a good thing going. It's low cost. It's risk free. It is using people who are deluded, usually, into thinking they will win when in fact they will usually be killed. But there are a lot of people in the world who can be easily deluded, and a lot of them have what they consider genuine grievances.

Most of the speakers agreed that terrorism is, if anything, likely to increase. John Barron, perhaps the leading nongovernmental expert on the KGB, explained: Until the late sixties, the Soviets were wary of dealing with subversives whom they could not directly control. This attitude changed shortly after Yuri Andropov became head of the KGB in 1967. Not only did the Soviets begin to work with groups like the IRA and PLO who were beyond direct control, but there also appeared a heavy emphasis on "active measures," including terrorism. Barron cited Andropov's tutelage under the notorious Comintern agent Otto Kuusinen, one of the original advocates of "active measures," and observed that Andropov as General Secretary has spread his KGB cronies into high positions throughout the Party and government "to a degree that's unprecedented in Soviet history."

Barron also provided some new information, only recently obtained from defectors. While completing the research for his latest book, *KGB Today,* Barron had picked up a tantalizing scrap of hearsay evidence from KGB defector Major Stanislav Levchenko to the effect that a complex called Balashikha, fifteen miles east of Moscow, was being used to train terrorists. In mid-1982, another KGB major, Vladimir Kuzichkin, fled to the British, the only staff officer of the KGB Illegals Directorate ever to defect to the West. He has now revealed that since 1980 all officers of the KGB First Chief Directorate (responsible for all KGB operations abroad) have been required to undergo a training course in



Dan Peterson is General Counsel for Gulf & Great Plains Legal Foundation in Kansas City, Missouri.

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the techniques of terrorism. Observed Barron:

> If you think about the significance of that it is portentous indeed. Here you have thousands of officers, many in their middle age, and suddenly you're saying, "You're going to acquire these skills." Why? Think of all the time. Think of the interruption. Think of the effect on morale. Why would you want to train thousands of staff officers in these tactics unless you intended to resort to these tactics on an ever greater scale?

Camps such as Balashikha do more than train KGB men. It is now known that throughout the seventies they were used to train terrorists imported from abroad. According to Barron, the KGB and GRU residencies in the Middle East were actually required to fill specific quotas of Palestinians for terrorist training in the USSR. He also identified a trend which he admitted surprised him:

> Large numbers of young people from the Third World are now being brought into the Soviet Union for [terrorist] training and then sent back *with the Sovs often having no control or not even means of maintaining contact with them.* The rationale is that the more mayhem they commit, the better. . . .

What can we do? Though the speakers offered a variety of remedies ranging from better public information to specific measures such as a federal anti-terrorism statute, virtually all mentioned the need for better intelligence.

Joel Lisker, Chief Counsel for Senator Jeremiah Denton's Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism, gave some astonishing figures regarding domestic intelligence. In the summer of 1976, Attorney General Edward Levi issued the "Levi Guidelines" governing domestic security investigations by the FBI. Sixteen days before these went into effect, the FBI had 20,868 such investigations pending. After the guidelines were issued, 16,000 of these were closed almost immediately. Six months later, they were further reduced by 4,200, to a mere 626 investigations. Six months after that, there were 102. At present, the number is—are you ready—*seventeen.* Though there have been changes since 1976 in the way the FBI counts its investigations (e.g., the more recent figures exclude certain investigations of groups with links to foreign countries), it is difficult to explain a 99.9 percent drop as a mere statistical artifact. Instead, these figures appear to confirm, as an FBI agent recently told Lisker, that the FBI is "out of the domestic intelligence business."

As for the CIA, Diego Asencio recounted a number of cases during his service as U.S. Ambassador to Colombia when American businessmen were kidnapped by terrorists:

> I'd ask for a report on the organization that had them and invariably it would be a couple of years old. And I'd say, "Well, what happened?" and they'd say, "Well, we used to have penetrations there, we used to have people there, but back in the budget cutting days . . . we sort of cut . . . this . . . stuff loose.

In 1980, Ambassador Asencio himself was kidnapped and held hostage by a Colombian terrorist group for 61 days.

Are such breakdowns merely remnants of the bad old days when Frank Church and Company made bashing the CIA and FBI a national sport? Have we recovered our senses? Well, yes and no. As Morton Kondracke has recently pointed out in the *New Republic,* the budget cuts, mass firings, blown covers, and general demoralization of the CIA had become so bad under the Carter Administration that things were bound to improve under Reagan. John Barron cited a Carter directive which required the FBI to share intelligence about anti-Castro groups with the Cuban DGI! "It's unbelievable but it happened," said Barron. "It doesn't happen today." It might also be noted that the "Smith revisions" issued last spring to the Levi guidelines have marginally relaxed the strictures on the FBI in initiating domestic security investigations.

Recent evidence, however, indicates that we still have a long way to go. Less than two weeks after the conference, 239 American servicemen were killed by a terrorist attack in Beirut. The Administration said after the attack that it was "looking into" possible Syrian involvement, and Secretary of Defense Weinberger went on record as saying that there was "much that points in the direction of Iran." Almost a week later, a senior official was quoted as follows: "I think it is fair to say that all the intelligence now points to the Iranians in one form or the other, but we want to be very sure before we do anything." Several days later, it was revealed that a highly restricted intelligence document circulated three days before the Beirut bombing contained a warning of sorts, but did not contain any indication of the date of the possible attack, of the type of attack, or of the possible target. A spokesman for the Marine Corps said that "for all we knew [it] might have involved an old lady carrying a shopping bag filled with explosives." On November 6, two weeks after the bombing, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff summed up the state of knowledge quite candidly. "I really don't know who did it," he said. "I wish I did." On the same day, newspaper reports appeared stating that the CIA's intelligence capabilities in Beirut had been severely damaged by the bombing deaths at the Marine headquarters, and by the PLO pullout from Beirut.

The next evening, on the domestic front, a bomb was exploded in the U.S. Capitol building. A group named the Armed Resistance Unit claimed responsibility, saying that it planted the bomb "to retaliate against imperialist aggression." A week later the FBI was still looking for a lead on the group.

No one expects our intelligence agencies to be rebuilt overnight. What is more troubling, however, is the refusal, even in high quarters, to admit that we have a problem. This was Claire Sterling's theme in her presentation to the conferees over lunch. Sterling gave a brief preview of her new book, *The Time of the Assassins,* which documents the Bulgarian connection in the assassination attempt on Pope John Paul II. She recounted how the CIA denied from the outset and has continued to deny that the Bulgarians, and by implication the Soviets, were behind the attempt to kill the Pope. Meanwhile, she said, the Russians and Bulgarians have mounted a huge campaign to convince the world that the CIA is responsible. The evidence that Mehmet Ali Agca has given the Italian authorities about his Bulgarian co-conspirators is so detailed that there can be no reasonable doubt of Bulgarian complicity.

But suspend judgment for a moment. Suppose that Agca is lying. The evidence he has given checks out so thoroughly, Sterling said, that "you have got to conclude, a child would conclude, that it was not possible for this young man to make up what he said about the three Bulgarian agents who worked with him in Rome to plan the assassination." Agca knew not only who they were, but when they were in Rome, what their houses looked like, what kinds of cars they drove, whether or not they had wives and children, and many other facts that checked out. Therefore, Sterling reasoned:

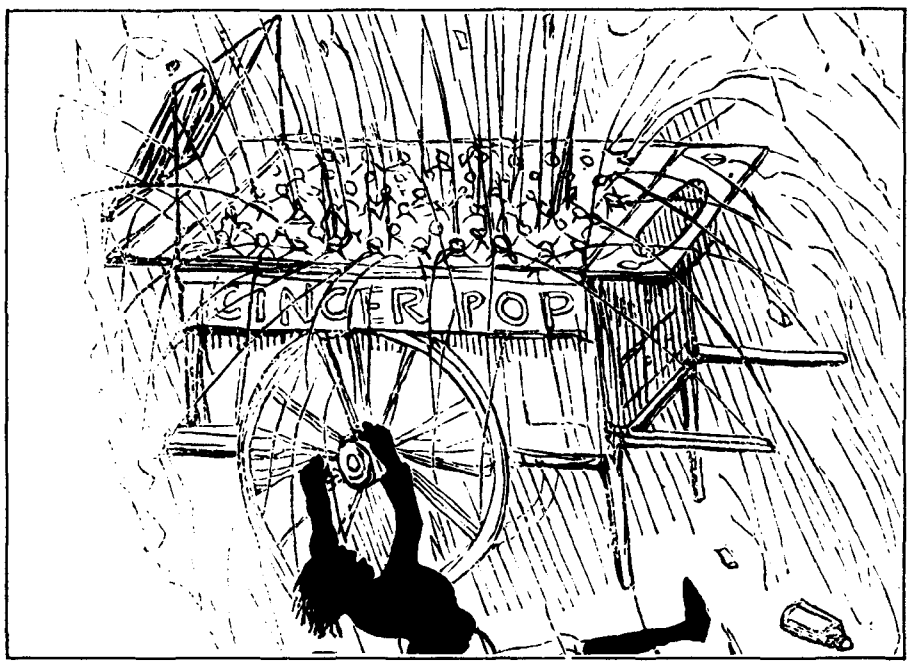
> If this young man Agca knew enough to be able to say so many things that checked out—down to the view from the windows from Antonov's apartment, the kinds of flowers growing on his balcony, and so on—somebody had to be telling him. If the CIA was correct in saying the Bulgarians and Russians did not send him, the only other agency that could have sent him was the CIA.

Sterling then asked directly:

> What are the values, political values, that would persuade an American intelligence community to take a position of such flat denial of the possibility of Soviet responsibility for the attempted assassination of the Pope that they would rather allow the public to believe that the CIA did it? . . .
>
> What value could there be so important as to conceal from the public the fact that the assassination of a Western political leader of enormous importance to the Western world, this Pope, is a fact of Soviet policy?

Sterling didn't answer her own questions, and of course she didn't have to. The nature of Soviet policy is an open secret. Does our failure to respond to Soviet-inspired terrorism really result from a failure to see it? In President Chun's words, are we really surprised by it? Perhaps what is missing in our response to terrorism is what Ray Cline touched on at its most fundamental level:

> I take it very personally. I discovered that people try to kill you during World War II and that was such a shock to me I've never recovered. I decided that it was rather important for me to prevent them from doing it to me or my friends and have been thinking about the ways in which our enemies try to do us in ever since. □



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CURRENT WISDOM

The New York Times

In the correspondence section of the venerated *Times* one of Anthony Lewis's casualties cerebrates:

To the Editor:

While the successful mission of the American forces in Grenada has for many sparked a sense of renewed pride in our armed forces, for this old soldier the sight of the new G.I. helmet has evoked haunting memories.

The two paratroopers you showed in a photo on Nov. 5 could easily, under a much earlier dateline, have been Wehrmacht soldiers like those we encountered in World War II. No doubt the German helmet offered better protection for foot soldiers, but its distinctive contours conjure up memories of a ruthless totalitarian regime bent on world conquest.

Certainly, the designers of the new American helmet, in their search for greater safety for its wearers, could have been more sensitive to the feelings of those of us with longer memories.

—LESTER M.BORNSTEIN
West Orange, N.J., Nov. 7, 1983
[November 12, 1983]

The Wall Street Journal

Mr. Hodding Carter tenders yet another compliment to the fierce Reagan:

The war in Grenada was waged much more effectively against the American people than against the world-wide Communist conspiracy the Reagan administration claimed to be challenging.

[November 3, 1983]

The San Diego Union

The lowdown on our recent geopolitical atrocity as perceived by Prof. Jack Soule, world traveler:

The American invasion of Grenada was "big bullyism at its worst," said a San Diego State University professor who visited the island nation last summer.

Political science professor Jack Soule blasted the decision by President Reagan to send a combined strike force of Marines and elite U.S. Army Rangers.

"The whole time I was there, I was telling people, 'You've got to be crazy. There's no way we would come down here and invade this place. The United States doesn't do things like that.' I feel like a jerk now.

"Our cowboy of a President can't flex his muscles elsewhere in the world the way he wants to, so he does it here," Soule said. "The armed forces of Grenada are kids, just kids."

In his three-week visit to Grenada, Soule said he found the people warm and receptive toward Americans. He also visited the controversial airport reportedly being built with the Cuban and Soviet help.

"I didn't see a single Cuban or a single Russian," he said. "The work was all being done by the local people, black Grenadians."

[October 26, 1983]

The San Francisco Chronicle

On a Frisco correspondence page still more grumbling directed against President Reagan's fact-finding mission to Grenada, this time from the illustrious Helen Longino, logician:

Editor—Last Friday the front page of The Chronicle featured a U.S. Marine maneuvering a howitzer in Grenada. The captions described the man as training the howitzer on "the enemy." Who is this enemy? How did she/he/they get to be that Marine's enemy? What did anyone on Grenada do to hurt any U.S. citizens? Or to call for all that destructive firepower on that little island? The fact is that, in violation of treaty agreements and international law, the United States invaded Grenada with no sound justification at all. Any in depth reporting investigating the administration's excuses reveals them to be lies. Are you reporting that? News reports talk of "pockets of resistance" to the American troops, as if this resistance were some kind of crime. Wouldn't all of us who could, resist an army invading our country?

What happened to good sense and a free press? I can only say I find the hysterical and servile reporting of the U.S. invasion disgusting and dangerous.

HELEN LONGINO
Oakland
[November 3, 1983]

The New York Times Magazine

Confessions of a drug addict, Paul Theroux's cacelocutions for the "About Men" section of the *New York Times Magazine:*

I regard high-school sports as a drug far worse than marijuana, and it is the reason that the average tennis champion, say, is a pathetic oaf.

Any objective study would find the quest for manliness essentially right wing, puritanical, cowardly, neurotic and fueled largely by a fear of women.

. . . It does not surprise me that when the President of the United States has his customary weekend off, he dresses like a cowboy—it is both a measure of his insecurity and his willingness to please. . . .

It was my guilty secret, because being a writer was incompatible with being a man.

[November 27, 1983]

The Great Books Series

A promotional brochure for an exciting new novel provides hot stuff:

In *The Law of Return,* Bloch tells the story of Ellen Rogin, a young college graduate from western Pennsylvania who travels to Israel in 1969. She plans to stay for just a summer, but finds herself caught up in the Jewish culture she has so long ignored, and she stays for two years, rediscovering her religious heritage, and changing her name to Elisheva.

While in Israel, several unsatisfying relationships with men lead her to also reexamine her identity and feelings as a woman. When the one man she feels she could marry turns out to be gay, Elisheva begins also to slowly acknowledge her own sexual feelings for women.

Advance praise for The Law of Return:

"This is a thoughtful and satisfying novel that explores the emergence of a feminist-lesbian from a conservative Jewish background as it probes the emotions and motives of a woman who considers marrying a gay man. Highly recommended."

—*Library Journal*

The Law of Return
by Alice Bloch
[Alyson Publications, Inc.—1983]

USA Today

During an interview with Dr. Henry Steele Commager, *USA Today* provides its readers a glimpse into chaos:

USA TODAY: What is your criteria for rating presidents?

COMMAGER: We have to be careful about this. We judge presidents not by their characters, but by what they did do or didn't do—by their conduct, in other words. . . .

But on broader questions of character and the impact of that character on society, Nixon and Reagan would certainly be among the poorer presidents.

[November 9, 1983]

The Stanford Daily

A leading campus gazette provides evidence that the Reaganite law-and-order hysteria is spreading like AIDS in a San Francisco steam room. Not even the Gringo "La Pasionaria" is immune:

"Ultimately, if we want to eliminate rape, we must replace our system of monopolistic capitalism with socialism," political activist Angela Davis said in Kresge Auditorium last night.

Speaking before a crowd of nearly 300, Davis, a professor at University of California at San Francisco, blamed the present "epidemic of rape" on racism and its relationship to "the kind of society we live in."

Davis stressed the fact that women of the working classes are the most susceptible to being raped. She explained that the crime of rape is still perceived to be a crime committed against the husband, adding that the "working class man has no power" to fight rape since working class husbands must always work.

"The bourgeoisie are much more able to fight back," Davis said.

[October 5, 1983]

The Bloomington Herald-Telephone

A conscientious American repeats the term "war toys" seven times pursuant to, so to speak, rendering inoperative, in a manner of speaking, which is to say, "the giant toy conglomerates":

I would like to comment on recent news articles that state the sale of war toys like "G.I. Joe" are up as a result of their increased popularity.

It appears to me that increased sales of these toys are not the result of increased popularity but are the result of intensive marketing strategies that primarily target young children in our community via television advertising.

Further, advertising in newspapers is also directed at parents of young children. This combination of advertising flooding our lives is the cause of increased sales of war toys.

The sale of war toys does not develop a strong national defense, but it does make war a game. War toys do not develop a strong sense of patriotism, but they do make killing seem fun and exciting. The sale of war toys does not develop a greater commitment to good citizenship and concern for others, but it does make a profit for large toy manufacturers.

The reintroduction of war toys into our lives serves no useful purpose except increased profits for a handful of giant toy conglomerates. Consumers Opposed to War Toys is a group of people who feel the same as I do. We have initiated a campaign to oppose the sale of these kinds of toys that will run concurrently with the holiday shopping season.

The Christmas season should be a time for joy, peace and caring for others. The world has enough real war and killing without encouraging war-like posturing on the part of children too young to understand the real meaning of war.

Gail Short
[December 14, 1983]

Ms.

An astounding missive guaranteed to give the daisy-sniffing members of the back-to-nature movement something to think about:

I am the director of a domestic-abuse project serving a predominantly rural area in western Wisconsin. Over and over again I hear from battered women that their assailants also abused animals—especially cows! The men break the cows' tails, stab them with pitchforks, twist their ears, and hit them with objects. One woman told me her husband used a board with a nail in it to beat a cow so badly the cow had to be destroyed.

I am aware of women who have had parasite infections because their husbands had sex with animals. Physicians try treatments for yeast infections, but that medication will not clear up this type of infection. Only after the women received medication for parasite infections, or abstained from sex with the offender for several months, did the infection clear up.

Strange, but true.

Bonnie Lindgren
Menomonie, Wis.
[November 1983]

Time

Hugh Sidey reels across the page after copious draughts of Old Kennedy 100 Proof:

He was the greatest actor of our time, dimming those mere celluloid performers like Ronald Reagan. He was on a stage as wide as the world and in a drama of the centuries. He commanded with Marlborough and debated with Churchill; he dined with Jefferson and rode with Sherman to the sea. He was a practical romantic who sought the company of the great, both in his fantasies and in real life. He urged America to follow this youthful adventure of mind and body. That is why John Kennedy lives among us yet today. In death he found a place in the caravan of history's great whose thoughts and words he used, whose actions he revered.

[November 14, 1983]

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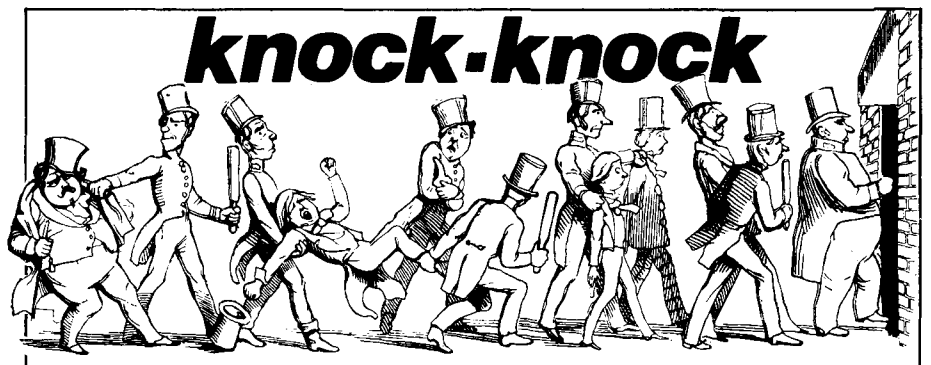

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